

Lately Publish'd, Price 3s. bound,
 A SIXTH EDITION of the FIRST VOLUME of
The Muse in Good Humour :
 A Collection of COMIC TALES.
 By the most Eminent POETS.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| T HE Country 'Squire. | The Curious Wife. |
| The Curious Maid. | The Magnifying Glass. |
| January and May. | The Miller of Trompington. |
| Hans Carvel's Ring. | The Glisten. |
| The Lout looking for his Heifer. | A Match for the Devil. |
| Phyllis ; or, The Progress of Love. | A quiet Life and a good Name. |
| Little Mouths. | The Royal Cuckold. |
| Paulo Purganti and his Wife. | The Decision. |
| Strephon and Chloe. | A Soldier and a Scholar. |
| The Amorous Groom. | The School of Wit. |
| A Riddle. | Daphnis and Chloe. |
| Kitty's Dream. | The Best in Christendom. |
| Cassius and Peter. | The Impossible Thing. |
| The Fair Nun. | The Parson's Daughter. |
| The Ladle. | The Leaky Vessel. |
| A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed. | The Credulous Husband. |
| A Pastoral Dialogue between two Irish Lovers. | The Maid. |
| A Description of a Lady's Dressing-Room. | The Bad Bargain on both Sides. |
| A Medicine for the Ladies. | The Equivocation. |
| The Saddle. | The Journal of a Modern Lady. |
| The Furniture of a Woman's Mind. | The Crab-Tree. |
| The Spinning Wheel. | Work for a Cooper. |
| The Dream. | The Mad Dog. |
| A Pastoral Courtship. | The Game of Put. |
| Melesinda's Misfortune on the burning her Smock. | To a young Gentleman in Love. |
| Fulvia, or Physic for the Ladies. | Chloe's Play-Thing. |
| | The Longitude found out. |
| | The Mastiff. |
| | A Case of Conscience. |
| | A New Simile for the Ladies. |
| | An Answer to the New Simile. |

Just

Just printed, and never before published,
(Price 3s. bound)

A second Volume of
The Muse in Good Humour :
A Collection of Comic Tales.

By the Editor of the First Volume.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| T HE Confession. | The Case re-alter'd. |
| The Bottle-Screw. | The Farmer's Blunder. |
| Warning to young married Men. | The Suffex Clown. |
| The Parson and Maid. | Dame Jane. |
| The Captain and Sailor. | Teague's Speech. |
| Envy and Fortune. | Sauney the Scot. |
| The Trial of Sarah * * *. | The Broom. |
| The Midnight Student. | The Frighted Farmer. |
| Swift's Verses on his own Death. | The Kiss repay'd. |
| The Return from Windor-Fair. | The Maw-Wallop. |
| The Spectacles. | Where's the Poker. |
| Love disarm'd. | Thyrsis and Daphne. |
| A Cure for Love. | Miss in her Teens. |
| The Involuntary Sinners. | The Pig. |
| The Convert to Tobacco. | The Contest. |
| A modern Eclogue. | The Billingsgate Contest. |
| The Mistake. | The Disappointed Maid. |
| Cheshire Nell. | The Unseasonable Surprise. |
| The Splenatick Doctor. | The two thousand Pound Bond. |
| The Widow's Wile. | The Balls. |
| The Taming of the Shrew. | The Merry Monarch. |
| A new Receipt to tame a Shrew. | The Absent Lover. |
| The Foolish Enquiry. | The Cobler. |
| The Case is alter'd. | A True Dream. |
| | Lesbia. |
| | The Cow's Tale. |
| | Sir Amorous Whimsy. |

Note. *The First Volume may be had alone, Price 3s.
or the two Volumes together, neatly bound, Price 6s.*

T H E
Muse in a Moral Humour :

BEING, A
COLLECTION

Of Agreeable and Instructive
TALES, FABLES,
PASTORALS, &c.

By SEVERAL HANDS.



L O N D O N :

Printed for FRANCIS NOBLE, at *Otway's Head*,
in *King-Street, Covent-Garden* ;

A N D

JOHN NOBLE, at *Dryden's Head*, in *St. Martin's-
Court*, near *Leicester-Square*.

MDCCLVII.

Memorandum

of

the

of

of





THE CONTENTS.

A VARO and Amanda. A Tale. By Mr. Stephen Duck	I
<i>The Test of Love. To a Friend who fancied himself in Love. By Mr. Amhurst</i>	30
<i>The Cock and the Doves. A Fable. Inscrib'd to a Friend</i>	39
<i>The Hermit. A Tale. By Mr. Parnell</i>	41
<i>The Catterpillar and Butterfly. A Fable</i>	53
<i>The Knights of the Bath. A Tale. To his Grace the Duke of Montague. By Mr. Cooke</i>	59
<i>Snaith Marsh. A Yorkshire Pastoral</i>	67
<i>The Brocaded Gown and Linen Rag. A Fa- ble</i>	72
<i>The Turtle and Sparrow. A Tale. By Mr. Prior</i>	75
<i>Felix and Constance. A Tale. By Mr. Stephen Duck</i>	90
<i>The Experiment. A Tale. By Mr. Gre- ville</i>	115
<i>Eloisa to Abelard. By Mr. Pope</i>	119
<i>Corefus and Callirrhoe. A Tale</i>	133
	<i>The</i>

<i>The Contented Clown.</i> A Tale	137
<i>The Accident.</i> A Pastoral Essay	140
<i>The Disappointed Milkmaid.</i> A Tale	145
<i>Hesiod ; or the Rise of Woman.</i> A Tale. By Mr. Parnell	147
<i>The Choice.</i> By Mr. Pomfret.	157
<i>Cruelty and Lust.</i> An Epistolary Tale. By Mr. Pomfret	163
<i>Philander and Cydippe.</i> A Tale. By Mr. Cooke	178
<i>Colinetta.</i> A Pastoral	188
<i>The Miserable Glutton ; or, the Pleasures of Sense, dependent on Virtue.</i> A Tale. By Mr. H. Greville	192
<i>The Unhappy Debauchee ; the Sequel to the Miserable Glutton.</i> A Tale	199
<i>Robin.</i> A Pastoral Elegy. By Capt. John Dobson	205
<i>The Statues ; or, the Trial of Constancy.</i> A Tale for the Ladies	209
<i>The African Prince, in England, to Zara, at his Father's Court</i>	217
<i>Zara, at the Court of Annamabbœ, to the African Prince in England</i>	225



T H E

Muse in a Moral Humour.

A V A R O *and* A M A N D A.

A T A L E.

By Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.


 H A T Ills from Want of Education
 flow,
 From Avarice what cruel Scenes of
 Woe,

I mean to sing; except the tuneful Maid
 Neglects my Numbers, and refuse her Aid.
 Say, Goddess, first, what made the Youth
 explore

A foreign Clime, and quit his native Shore?
 Say too, how on the barb'rous Isle he came;
 What mov'd the Kindness of the *Negro* Dame?

B

What

What cou'd provoke a faithless Youth to sell
A Friend, whose only Crime was loving
well ?

Now had *Avaro* twenty Winters pass'd,
His blooming Features ev'ry Beauty grac'd ;
In silver Rings, his loosely flowing Hair
Hung o'er his Shoulders with a comely Air ;
Robust his Limbs, and daring was his Soul,
And Vigour crown'd the well-proportion'd
Whole :

His graceful Charms the Ladies oft survey'd,
And oft their Eyes an am'rous Signal made ;
But never cou'd the tender Passion move,
The stubborn Youth was still averse to Love ;
Yet, tho' his Breast was Proof to *Cupid's* Dart,
A more ignoble God enslav'd his Heart.

No Mysteries of Faith disturb'd his Head ;
For Mysteries of Faith he seldom read ;
That moral Law, which Nature had impress'd,
He blotted from the Volume of his Breast ;
Yet in his Mind his Father's Precepts bears,
Who often rung this Lesson in his Ears :

“ Wou'd you, my Son, to Happiness aspire,
“ Know, *Gold* alone can Happiness acquire ;
“ He that has *Gold*, is pow'rful as a King,
“ Has Valour, Virtue, Wisdom, ev'ry Thing !
“ *This* to obtain, your utmost Skill bestow ;
“ And if you gain it, be not careful how :
“ If in the Court, or Camp, you take Delight,
“ Then dare to flatter *there*, or *here* to fight ;
“ Or,

“ Or, shou’d the Merchant’s Life your Fancy
 “ please,
 “ Be bold, and bravely venture on the Seas ;
 “ Many by Merchandize have gain’d Re-
 “ nown,
 “ And made the *Indies* Wealth become their
 “ own.”

The Youth imbib’d the Precepts of his Tongue,
 Neglecting ev’ry Law of Right and Wrong ;
 Taught by his Sire to court destructive Gain,
 He burns to try his Fortune on the Main.

While other Youths, by Wit or Pleasure
 sway’d,
 Frequent the Play, the Ball or Masquerade ;
Avaro, studious, in his Chamber stays,
 Careless of Balls, of Masquerades, and Plays ;
 There adds, subtracts, and, with unweary’d
 Pain,
 Learns all the Rules of Int’rest, Loss, and
 Gain.

Next, from an old Astronomer, he tries
 To learn the Planets Journey thro’ the Skies ;
 With *him*, at Night, when Heav’n serene
 appears,
 He points the Quadrant at the shining Spheres ;
 The *Hyades*, and frozen Pole surveys,
 Which guide the Sailor o’er the distant Seas ;
 Then Maps and Models of our Globe pre-
 pares,
 And carefully inspects both Hemispheres ;

4 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

From East to West he views the spacious
 Round,
 Pleas'd with the modern World *Columbus* found:
 In Hope elate, the Youth impatient stands,
 And seems to grasp both *Indies* in his Hands.
 This sees the Sire, and hastily provides
 A Vessel, proof against the Winds and Tides.
 The Youth embarks, the soft propitious Gales
 Arise, and soon expand the swelling Sails;
 The Ship glides swiftly o'er the liquid Plain,
 And *Neptune* smiles, and courts him on the
 Main.

But see, how Mortals are the Sport of Fate!
 How oft unhappy, striving to be great!
 Ere *Cynthia* twice her monthly Race had run,
 An Omen of the fatal Storm begun:
 The murm'ring Wind arises by Degrees,
 And rocks the Ship, and sweeps the curling
 Seas;
 Now louder, with impetuous Force it roars,
 And shoves the swelling Surges to the Shores;
 Till rapid Rain, and Flakes of bick'ring
 Flame,
 With dreadful Thunder vex th' etherial Frame.
 Struck with Surprise, the tim'rous Merchant
 stands,
 Nor knows what he forbids, or what com-
 mands:
 Nor safely back, nor can he forwards go;
 But trembling waits, and fears the fatal Blow.
 Long

AVARO and AMANDA. 3

Long Time the Sailors work against the
Wind,

With fruitless Toil, to gain the Port assign'd;
Till Courage, Hope, and all Provisions fail'd,
And Fear, Despair, and Want their Souls as-
fail'd.

Forc'd by the Storm into a winding Bay,
Their joyful Eyes an *Indian* Isle survey;
When strait they quit their Ship, and gain
the Shore,

And for Recruits the savage Land explore.

Adjoining to the dreary Beach, there stood
Wild Shrubs and Trees, that form'd a gloomy
Wood;

Where, close obscur'd, the crafty Natives lay,
And watch'd the wand'ring Crew, remote
from Sea:

Then forth they rush, and strait their Bows
prepare;

Too late the Sailors see th'approaching War:
In vain the Brave engage, or Tim'rous fly;
The Tim'rous and the Brave, promiscuous die;
The barb'rous Fields are stain'd with purple
Gore,

And dreadful Groanings echo to the Shore.

Our youthful Merchant 'scapes, and flies
alone;

His Fear impels, and Safety prompts him on;

6 AVARO and AMANDA.

Thro' dusky Woods he takes his trembling
Flight,

The dusky Woods conceal him from their
Sight ;

Till in the devious Wilds, remote from Foes,
Then on the Ground, he weeping vents his
Woes ;

Oft curs'd his hapless Fate, and often thought
On what the hoary Star-monger had taught ;
How, at our Birth, as diff'rent Planets rule,
They form a Wit, or constitute a Fool ;
How, in the Maze of Life, we act, as they
Attract, retard, or force us in the Way.

And, as he these uncertain Censures made,
Against the Stars he thus exclaiming said :

The Planets sure some noxious Pow'r dis-
play,

And rule my Life with arbitrary Sway ;
Else had I ne'er forsook my native Home,
Nor in this baleful Desert met my Doom——
And yet, when I reflect, I cannot see,
How Globes insensible should influence me ;
I chuse my Actions ; when the Choice is made,
I nor invoke, nor yet consult *their* Aid.

When Mortals act according to their *Will*,
Can Heav'n be call'd the Author of their Ill ?
Too late I find, the Stars are not in Fault ;
But 'tis that golden Wish my Sire has taught :
Enticing *Gold*, that damn'd deceiving Guide,
Induc'd me first to stem the foaming Tide ;

Falla-

Fallacious *Charm*, that led me from Repose,
Now leaves me in a Labyrinth of Woes.

So, when compacted Vapours, in the Night,
Skim o'er the Fields, with a delusive Light,
The injudicious Traveller surveys
Th' alluring *Scene*, and court the glitt'ring
Blaze ;

Till, tempted o'er a Rock's impending Brow,
He falls to some tremendous Gulph below.

Thus the unhappy Youth laments his Fate,
Conscious of all the Ills that round him wait ;
Till setting *Phæbus* leaves the blushing Sky,
And glimm'ring Stars a feeble Light supply :
The Shades of Night increase his anxious Care,
And add a greater Horror to Despair.

All Night in Tears the pensive Merchant lay,
And often wish'd, and fear'd the coming Day ;
Till, on the Hills, the rising Sun display'd
His golden Beams, and chas'd away the Shade :
Harmonious Birds salute his chearful Rays,
And hail the rosy Morn with joyful Lays ;
While, stretch'd upon the Ground, *Avaro*
moans,

Answ'ring their tuneful Songs with piercing
Groans.

Not distant far from where the Youth was
laid,

A purling Stream, in pleasing Murmurs, play'd ;
And, by the Margin of the crystal Flood,
Two Rows of Trees in beauteous Order stood ;

Whose Branches form'd a pendent Arch above,
Diffusing gloomy Verdure o'er the Grove.

An *Indian* Princess hither daily came,
Pleas'd with the grateful Shade and cooling
Stream :

She now was walking to her lov'd Retreat,
And heard the mourning Youth lament his
Fate :

Fix'd in Amaze, a-while she list'ning stood ;
Then swift approach'd him, rushing thro' the
Wood.

Th' affrighted Merchant rose with gazing
Eyes,

And tim'rous Looks that testify'd Surprise :
Backward he starts ; the Dame, with equal
Fears,

Recedes as fast, and wonders what appears ;
Yet bolder grown, she soon advanc'd again,
Smit with the Beauty of the godlike Man :
His Dress, and fair Complexion charm'd her
Sight ;

Each glowing Feature gave her new Delight ;
While Love and Pity both arose within,
And kindled in her Soul a Flame unseen.

With equal Joy *Avaro* now survey'd

The native Graces of the *Negro* Maid :

He view'd her Arms, with various Ribbands
bound ;

Her downy Head, with painted Feathers
crown'd ;

With

With Bredes, and lucid Shells, in Circles
strung,
Which shone refulgent, as they round her
hung.

As when, in splendid Robes, a courtly Maid
Begins the Dance at Ball or Masquerade ;
The Pearls and Di'monds shine with mingled
Light,

And glitt'ring Pendants blaze against the Sight.
So shone the beauteous Shells around her
Waist,

And sparkling Gems, that deck'd her jetty
Breast ;

All which *Avaro's* gazing Eyes pursue,
Charm'd with her lovely Shape, disclos'd to
View :

Each Limb appears in just Proportion made,
With Elegance thro' ev'ry Part display'd :
And now his Cares dissolve, new Passions
move ;

And Nature intimates, the Change is *Love*.

Not far remote, a cooling Grot was made,
In which the Virgin often sought a Shade :
Thick Shrubs, and fruitful Vines, around it
grew ;

And none, except herself, the Mansion knew.
To this obscure *Recess* the Royal Dame,
Rejoicing, with her lovely Captive came :

10 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

Then, from the Branches, with officious
Haste,
She plucks the Fruits, which yield a sweet
Repast:
That done, she, with her Bow, explores the
Wood;
Pierc'd with her Shaft, the Fowl resigns his
Blood.

Then back she hastens to her cool Retreat,
And for *Avaro* dress'd the grateful Meat:
To slake his Thirst, she next directs his Way,
Where crystal Streams in wild Meanders stray:
Nor lets him there, expos'd to Foes remain;
But to the Cave conducts him safe again.

So doats *Amanda* on the Merchant, while
She scorns the Lovers of her *native Isle*:
For all the Heroes of her Country strove,
With Emulation, to attract her Love;
And, when they could the painted Fowls in-
snare,
Or pierce the savage Beast in sylvan War,
The Skins and Feathers, Trophies of their
Fame,

They gave for Presents to the Royal Dame;
All which she to her lov'd *Avaro* brought,
And with them gayly deck'd his shining Grot:
The spotted Panther here she hung; and there
With Paws extended, frown'd the shaggy
Bear;

Here

Here gaudy Plumes appear, in Lustre bright;
There Shells and Pearls diffuse a sparkling
Light.

As when, to grace some Royal Prince's Hall,
The skilful Painter animates the Wall;
Here warlike Heroes frown in martial Arms,
There a soft Nymph displays her blushing
Charms ;

A pleasing Landscape next invites our Eye,
And the Room glows with sweet Variety.

Yet, still to give her Lover more Delight,
(Lest what he daily saw, should pall the Sight)
When *Sol* with Purple cloath'd the western
Sky,

And Shades extended shew'd the Ev'ning nigh,
She to some verdant Grove the Youth con-
vey'd,

Where Nightingales harmonious Music made :
Soft Flow'rets were their Couch ; and, all
around,

Diffusive Sweets perfum'd the fragrant Ground.
There oft she would his snowy Bosom bare,
Oft round her Fingers wind his silver Hair ;
Charm'd with the Contrast, which their Co-
lours made,

More pleasing than the Tulip's Light and
Shade.

Nor was the Youth insensible ; but soon
Repaid her Love by shewing of his own :

Oft

12 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

Oft would his Bosom heave with speaking
Sighs ;

Oft would he gaze, and languish with his
Eyes ;

Now on her panting Breast his Head repose,
To meet his Head her panting Breast arose ;
While in her Soul ecstatic Raptures glow'd,
And her fond Arms believ'd they clasp'd a God.

So liv'd the happy Pair observ'd by none,
Till both had learnt a Language of their own ;
In which the Youth, one Ev'ning in the Shade,
Beguiles the harmless unsuspecting Maid ;
Leans on her Breast, and, with a Kiss, be-
trays ;

Then vents his specious Fraud in Words like
these :

Witness, ye Gods, and all ye Bless'd above,
(For ye can witness best how well I love)
If e'er among our blooming Nymphs, I knew
Such Pleasures, as my Soul receives from you !
O dear *Amanda* ! could I but, with thee,
Once more my happy native Country see,
You should not there in lonely Caves retreat,
Nor trace the burning Sands with naked Feet ;
Your Limbs, which now the Sun and Wind
invade,
Should neatly be in softest Silks array'd ;

In

In gilded Houses gayly should you ride,
 By Horses drawn, which prancing Side by
 Side,
 Neigh, foam, and champ the Bit with
 graceful Pride ;
 Our Time, in Pomp and Peace, should slide
 away,
 And blooming Pleasures crown the smiling
 Day ;
 And, when the setting Sun forsook the Skies,
 Approaching Night should but increase our
 Joys :
 We would not on the chilling Ground em-
 brace,
 Nor Foes, as now, should interrupt our Peace ;
 But both reposing on some easy Bed,
 Soft, as the fleecy Down, that decks thy Head,
 The sportive God of Love should round us
 play,
 While we, in Raptures, pass'd the Night away :
 Then let us carefully, my Dear, explore
 The Haven, where I first approach'd the Shore.
 Perhaps we shall some floating Ship survey,
 Safe to conduct us o'er the watry Way.
 Nor let the foaming Waves your Steps retard ;
 I'll guard you o'er, and be a faithful Guard.
 How oft, alas ! is Innocence betray'd,
 When Love invites, and Flatterers persuade ?
 How could the Dame, a Stranger to Deceit,
 Imagine such a heav'nly Form a Cheat ?

She

14 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

She paus'd, she sigh'd ; then, with a pensive
Look,

Half loth, and half consenting, thus she spoke :

Once has *Avaro* 'scap'd the raging Main :
Why would you tempt the fickle Seas again ?
To seek new Dangers, when in Safety here,
Would but provoke the Deities you fear——
Sometimes, I own, we've been surpriz'd by
Foes,

Whose nightly Walks have wak'd you from
Repose :

Yet still I guard your sacred Life secure,
And always will——What can *Amanda* more ?

Thus said, she clasp'd him in her loving
Arms,

Embrac'd his Neck, and doated on his Charms :
And now both shew their Passions in their
Look,

And now connubial *Hymen* both invoke ;
In sportive Joys they clos'd the genial Day,
While *Philomela* sung the Nuptial Lay ;
Till soon the Youth inclin'd upon her Breast,
And golden Slumbers seal'd their Eyes to Rest.

Soon as the Sun began to gild the Day,
And on the Hills emit a trembling Ray ;
Amanda, from her flow'ry Bed awoke ;
Sad was her Heart, and discompos'd her Look ;
The briny Torrent flows a-down her Cheeks,
While thus she to her dear *Avaro* speaks :

O Thou, on whom my Life and Love depend,

If e'er *Amanda* claim'd the Name of Friend ;
If e'er I gave thy troubled Mind Repose,
Or hid thee, when pursu'd with furious Foes ;
Explain this *Dream*, that terrifies my Breast ;
The strangest, Fear or Fancy e'er imprest !

Methought a God descended from the Skies ;
Celestial Beauty sparkled in his Eyes ;
Like Rays of *Phæbus* shone his radiant Hair,
His Shape like thine, like thine his graceful
Air ;

A Robe was neatly girt about his Waist,
Fine as my lov'd *Avaro's* silken Vest ;
His shining Lips upon my Breast he laid,
And softly prest my Hand, and smiling said :

“ Arise, my Dear, my lov'd *Amanda* rise ;
“ An easier Lodging waits thee in the Skies :
“ I am descended from the blest Abodes,
“ To bear thee hence to Heav'n among the
“ Gods ;

“ No Enemies shall there disturb thy Rest ;
“ There, with thy *Lover*, live for ever blest.”

Thus said, he rais'd me from the dewy
Plain,

And bore, or seem'd to bear me, o'er the
Main :

But soon he led me to a distant Isle,
Where Horrors reign, and Comforts never
smile :

Thick

Thick Brakes and Brambles choak'd the dreary
Coast,

The only Product, which the Land could boast;
Till a dejected servile Race arose,
With gloomy Sadness brooding on their Brows :
This Croud, promiscuous, with incessant Toil,
Or rooted up the Wood, or plow'd the Soil :
How each perform'd his Task, a Tyrant
view'd ;

And sternly shook his Whip, and menac'd as
he stood.

Sometimes to shun the direful Lash, they fled ;
Th' insulting Lord pursu'd with greater Speed :
Sure not so fearful fly the trembling Bears,
To shun our Hunters Darts, and missive Spears ;
Sure not so swift our Hunters e'er pursu'd
The trembling Bears, when flying through the
Wood ;

As from the Tyrant's Wrath they swiftly run,
Or, as the Tyrant, swifter urg'd them on.
Each to his wonted Task, he drove again,
And made *me* mix among the servile Train ;
Doom'd with the rest to groan beneath the
Yoke,

Alike I felt the dire correcting Stroke.

But, O ! what added most to my Despair,
My Godlike Guide was false, and left me
there——

As

As thus she spake, confus'd her Looks appear'd ;

For still her Soul the dreadful Vision fear'd :

Deciding Reason from her Seat withdrew,

And Fancy painted all the Scene a-new.

The Youth to cheer the drooping Dame essay'd,

When strait a Boar came rushing through the Shade ;

The crashing Woods proclaim'd his rapid Force,

While two fleet Youths pursu'd the sylvan Course :

The Lovers started from their flow'ry Seats,

Surpriz'd, and each a diff'rent Way retreats.

As when some Musket's Thunder has expell'd

Two loving Turtles from the verdant Field ;

Both, diverse, thro' the wide ethereal Plain

Fly swift ; and flying, fear their Mate is slain.

So parting, devious fled th' affrighted Pair ;

Such was *Avaro's*, such *Amanda's* Fear.

The foaming Boar between 'em swiftly past,

The nimble Coursers urge the Chace as fast ;

Till soon they pierce him with a mortal Wound ;

He falls, and purple Gore distains the Ground :

Then, from the savage War, they take their Way,

And to the Cave, triumphant, bear the Prey.

Soon

Soon as the sportive Hunters left the Wood,
 The loving Pair conceal'd no longer stood ;
 But trembling both forsook the dusky Shade,
 Both trembling met upon the op'ning Glade :
 Mute with surprize a-while they stood ; the
 Man

Broke Silence first; and thus his Tale began :

O dear *Amanda* ! soon we have survey'd
 This mystic Vision of the Night display'd :
 These are the frowning Tyrants in thy Dream,
 That chas'd the Slaves, and we their flying
 Game.

Some Part, said she, resembled this, I own ;
 And some remains a Riddle yet unknown :
 What meant that God, which still, methinks,
 I view ;

That radiant Deity, so much like you ?
 And what the Fields above, which he propos'd ?

Say, if the Mystery can be disclos'd ?

To whom the Youth : Our active Fancy
 seems

For ever roving, roving most in Dreams :
 For then the Soul, disburden'd of her Load,
 Soars high, and grows prophetic, like a God ;
 Minds Things when past, as present to our
 View ;

And, by Allusion, knows the future too.
 Thus, when to Sleep your musing Head reclin'd,
 She kept our Ev'ning Converse in her Mind ;
 Reflected

Reflected on the Joys my Country yields,
Joys, sweet as those in yonder azure Fields;
Till soaring higher, striving to discern
Her hidden Fate, and future Fortune learn,
Heav'n shew'd her something like this Morn-
ing Chace,

By trembling Slaves, who fled their Tyrant's
Face;

Perhaps to warn us timely from our Bed,
For, O my dear *Amanda*! had we stay'd,
I had not liv'd to tell this mystic Tale,
Nor you, to hear the Secrets I reveal——
But let us to my happy Country steer,
Nor longer wait impending Ruin here.

So spake the Youth; and, with a gracious
Look,

He seem'd to sanctify the Words he spoke.

Go, she reply'd; go where you are inclin'd;
Your faithful Lover will not stay behind.

If o'er the Seas you shall attempt your Way,
The Seas shall not compel me here to stay;

Nor will I fear the Surges of the Deep;

(For Surges oft, you say, assail the Ship)

Calm and compos'd, intrepid will I stand,

Till you conduct me to your native Land.

Or, if you wou'd some other Clime pursue,

Then shall some other Climate please me too.

And when the happy destin'd Land we meet,

Where Providence shall fix our wand'ring
Feet;

With

20 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

With joyful Servitude I'll still attend
 On you, my nuptial Lord, and dearest Friend.
 Soon as *Aurora* spreads her purple Ray,
 When you awake to chace the nimble Prey,
 I'll also rise; and, with an equal Art,
 Display the Net, or speed the pointed Dart;
 Or search the Plains, and tasteful Herbs provide;

Or strip the Vines, and press their juicy Pride:
 Each Ev'ning will I fondly deck your Bed
 With sweetest Flow'rets gather'd from the
 Mead;

And when, dissolv'd in downy Sleep, you lie,
 I'll wake, and watch if Foes approach too nigh.
 To guard your Life, all Hazards will I run;
 And, for your Safety, sacrifice my own.

To whom the Youth: No Hazards shall
 you run;

Nor, for my Safety, sacrifice your own:
 Nor yet at Ev'ning fondly deck my Bed
 With sweetest Flow'rets, gather'd from the
 Mead:

Nor shall *Amanda* tasteful Herbs explore;
 Nor shall *Avaro* chase the savage Boar.
 A softer Bed, than Flow'rs, shall give you Rest;
 A choicer Meat, than Fruits, indulge your
 Taste.

Ten thousand Things my grateful Soul shall
 find,

To charm your Fancy, and delight your Mind:
 I'll

I'll vary Love a hundred different Ways,
And institute new Arts to make it please.
So shall our future Race of Children see
A constant Proverb made of you and me :
When *British* Youths shall court the doubting
 Dame,

And want Expressions equal to their Flame ;
Then, strongly to attest it, shall be said,
“ *True as Avaro to the Indian Maid.*”

To whom *Amanda* (pausing at the Name)
What meant *Avaro* by the doubting Dame ?
Has any of your *British* Damsels made
A Doubt of what such godlike Being said ?
Or is it customary to your Clime ?
Has ever Youth committed such a Crime,
As base Ingratitude ? Has any there
Deluded first, and then forsook the Fair ?
I cannot think your Love will e'er decline,
Nor can my radiant Angel question mine.
By yon bright Beams, which paint the rising
 Day ;

By thy bright Charms, as beautiful as they :
By all our pleasing Hours of Love, I vow
To share your Fate thro' ev'ry Scene of Woe :
Content, with you, to yield my vital Breath ;
For Life, without you, would but lengthen
 Death.

With such sweet Talk their Moments they
 beguile ;
Both seem impatient for the destin'd Isle :

He

He daily vows, and daily is believ'd ;
 She daily hears, and daily is deceiv'd.

Farewel, bright Goddess of th' *Idalian* Grove !
 Farewel, ye sportive Deities of Love !
 No longer I your pleasing Joys rehearse ;
 A rougher Theme demands my pensive Verse ;
 A Scene of Woes remains to be display'd,
 Indulgent Love with Slavery repaid :
 Ingratitude, and broken Vows, and Lies,
 The mighty Ills that spring from Avarice,
 Provoke my Lays : Your Aid, ye Muses, bring ;
 Assist my Tragic Numbers, while I sing.
 Say, what ensu'd, when, on the briny Deep,
 The watchful Dame beheld a floating Ship ?
 She call'd, and beckon'd to it from the Shore,
 Then to the Youth the grateful Tidings bore ;
 And said, I something see like winged Trees,
 (Strange to behold !) fly swiftly o'er the Seas :
 Their bulky Roots upon the Billows float ;
 Say, is not this the Ship, you long have
 fought ?

Or I mistake ; or, by the Gods Command,
 This comes to bear us to your native Land :
 Then hasten, see the Partner of your Heart,
 With you, her Guide, is ready to depart ;
 My Father, Mother, Friends, I bid Adieu,
 Friends, Father, Mother, not so dear as you.

To whom the Youth, with smiling Brow,
 reply'd :

O thou true Pattern of a faithful Bride !

Who

Who dar'st thy Father, Mother, Friends resign;
 And risk thy own dear Life, to rescue mine!—
 If I forget the Debt I owe to Thee,
 May all the Gods forget their Care of Me.
 In more wild Defarts let me rove again;
 Nor find a Friend, like Thee, to ease my Pain!
 There let the Vultures, Wolves, and Tigers
 tear

This Body, *thou* hast kindly nourish'd here!
 So saying, to the Beach he straight descends;
 And, by the Flag, discerns the Crew his Friends:
 And now his Heart exults within his Breast,
 His loving Mate an equal Joy confest;
 She, with him, gladly ventures on the Main,
 Unthinking of her future Toil and Pain.

So, to the Plough, the Heifer, yet unbroke,
 Walks chearful on, nor dreads th' impending
 Yoke;

Till, in the Fields, urg'd with the piercing
 Goad,

She groans, and writhes, reluctant with her
 Load.

The *British* Bark was to *Barbadoes* bound;
 Th' expected Shore the Sailors quickly found;
 Where, safe from Danger, now the perjur'd
 Youth,

False to his former Vows of sacred Truth,
 Reflecting, counts the Int'rest he had lost,
 While Fate detain'd him on the *Indian* Coast:

The

24 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

The frugal Thoughts suppress his am'rous
Flame,

And prompt him to betray the faithful Dame.

Yet scarce he can the cursed Fact pursue ;

But hesitates at what he fain wou'd do :

For, tho' his Av'rice moves him to the Ill,

His Gratitude within him struggles still ;

And, 'twixt two Passions, neither guides
his Will. }

As when two Scales, which equal Loads
suspend,

Sway to and fro, alternate both descend ;

Till, undeclining, each aloft abides ;

Nor this, nor that, the doubtful Weight de-
cides.

So stood the doubtful Youth a-while ; nor
wou'd

Forfake the Evil, nor pursue the Good ;

Till, as the Sailors in the Haven stay,

To purchase Slaves, the Planters croud the
Key :

One asks, for what the Negro may be sold ;

Then bids a Price, and shews the tempting
Gold :

Which, when *Avaro* views with greedy Eyes,

He soon resolves to gain th' alluring Prize ;

Nor Oaths, nor Gratitude, can longer bind ;

Her Fate he thus determines in his Mind :

“ Suppose I should conduct this *Indian* o'er,

“ And thus, instead of Gold, import a *Moor*—

“ Would

“ Would not my Sire, with stern contracted
“ Brows,

“ Condemn my Choice, and curse my nup-
“ tial Vows ?

“ Was it for this I learn'd the Merchant's
“ Art ?

“ Only to gain a doating *Negro's* Heart !

“ Was it for this the raging Seas I crost ?

“ No ; Gold induc'd me to the *Indian* Coast ;

“ And Gold is offer'd for this simple Dame ;

“ Shall I refuse it, or renounce my Flame ?—

“ Let am'rous Fools their tiresome Joys re-
“ new,

“ And doat on *Love*, while *Int'rest* I pursue.”

He added not ; for now, intent on Gold,
And dead to all Remorse, the *Dame* he sold.

Amanda stood confounded with Surprise,
And silently reproach'd him with her Eyes :
She often try'd to speak, but when she try'd,
Her Heart swell'd full, her Voice its Aid de-
ny'd ;

And, when she made her fault'ring Tongue
obey,

These Words, commix'd with Sighs, found
out their Way :

“ Who can the mystic Ways of Fate ex-
“ plain ?

“ Am I awake, or do I dream again ?

“ Is *this* the sad Reward of all my Care ?

“ Was it for this I chear'd thee in Despair ?

C

“ The

" The Gods above (if any Gods there be)
 " Witness what I have done to succour thee !
 " Yet, if my *Kindness* can't thy Pity move,
 " Pity the *Fruits* of our unhappy *Love* :
 " Oh ! let the Infant in my pregnant Womb,
 " Excite thee to revoke my threaten'd Doom !
 " Think how the future Slave, in Climes re-
 " mote,
 Shall curse the treach'rous Sire, that him be-
 " got."

So spake the mourning Dame, but spake in
 vain ;

Th' obdurate Youth insults her with Disdain ;
 Not all her *Kindness* could his Pity move,
 Nor yet the *Fruits* of their unhappy *Love*.
 But, as the Flames, which soften Wax, dis-
 play

The same warm Force to harden fordid Clay ;
 That Motive, which would melt another Heart,
 More harden'd his, and made him act a double
 Villain's Part.

He, for the Child, demands a larger Sum ;
 And sells it, while an Embryo in the Womb.

And now he sternly takes her by the Hand ;
 Then drags her on, reluctant, to the Land ;
 While, as she walks, her dismal Fate she
 moans,

The Rocks around her echo to her Groans :

“ O base, ungrateful Youth ! she loudly cries ;

“ O base, ungrateful Youth ! the Shore re-
plies :

“ And canst thou, cruel, perjur'd Villain !
“ leave

“ Thy tender Infant too, an abject Slave,

“ To toil, and groan, and bleed beneath the
“ *Rod* ?

“ Fool, that I was, to think thou wert a God !

“ Sure from some savage Tiger art thou
“ sprung —

“ No ! Tigers feed, and fawn upon, their
“ Young :

“ But thou despisest all paternal Cares,

“ The Fate of Infants, and their Mothers
“ Pray'rs.”

In vain she does her wretched State deplore ;
Pleas'd with the Gold, he gladly quits the
Shore ;

The ruffling Winds dilate the Sails, the Ship
Divides the Waves, and skims along the Deep.
Three Days the bellying Canvass gently swells,
Clear shines the Sun, and friendly blow the
Gales ;

Then frowning Clouds invest the vaulted Sky,
And hollow Winds proclaim a Tempest nigh ;
Fierce *Boreas* loudly o'er the Ocean roars,
Smoke the white Waves, and found the ad-
verse Shores ;

28 *AVARO and AMANDA.*

While to increase the Horrors of the Main,
Descends a Deluge of impetuous Rain.
The giddy Ship on circling Eddies rides,
Toss'd, and re-toss'd, the Sport of Winds and
Tides.

Redoubled Peals of roaring Thunder roll,
And Flames, conflicting, flash from Pole to
Pole,

While guilty Thoughts distract *Avaro's* Soul. }

Of Life despairing, tho' afraid to die,

One fatal Effort yet he means to try :

While all the busy Crew, with panting Breath,
Were lab'ring to repel the liquid Death ;

Avaro from the Stern the Boat divides,

And yields up to the Fury of the Tides :

Toss'd on the boist'rous Wave, the Vessel flies,

Now sinking low, now mounting to the Skies ;

Till soon the Storm decreas'd, and, by De-
grees,

Hush'd were the Winds, and calm the ruffled
Seas ;

The Sailors safely steer their Course again,

And leave *Avaro* floating on the Main ;

Who landed quickly on a lonely Isle,

Where human Feet ne'er print the baleful Soil ;

A dreary Wilderness was all appear'd,

And howling Wolves the only Sound he heard ;

A thousand Deaths he views before his Eyes,

A thousand Guilt-created Fiends arise ;

A *conscious Hell* within his Bosom burns,
And racks his tortur'd Soul, while thus he
mourns :

- “ Curs'd be the Precepts of my selfish Sire,
“ Who bad me after fatal Gold aspire !
“ Curs'd be myself, and doubly curs'd, who sold
“ A faithful Friend, to gain that fatal Gold !—
“ O ! could these gloomy Woods my Sin conceal,
“ Or in my Bosom quench this fiery *Hell* ;
“ Here would I pine my wretched Life away,
“ Or to the hungry Savage fall a Prey —
“ But can the gloomy Woods conceal my Sin ?
“ Or cooling Shadows quench the *Hell* within ?
“ No ; like some Spirit banish'd Heav'n, I find
“ Terrors in ev'ry Place to rack my Mind ;
“ Tormenting conscious Plagues increase my
“ Care,
“ And guilty Thoughts indulge my just Despair—
“ O ! where shall I that piercing Eye evade,
“ That scans the Depths of Hell's tremendous Shade ?

So saying, straight he gave a hideous Glare,
With rolling Eyes, that witness'd strong Despair :
Then drew his pointed Weapon from the
Sheath,

Confus'dly wild, and all his Thoughts on Death ;
To pierce his trembling Heart he thrice essay'd,
And thrice his coward Arm deny'd its Aid :

30 *The TEST of LOVE.*

Mean-while a howling Wolf, with Hunger
 prest,
Leap'd on the Wretch, and seiz'd him by the
 Breast ;
Tore out his Heart, and lick'd the purple Flood ;
For Earth refus'd to drink the Villain's Blood.

The TEST of LOVE.

To a Friend who fancied himself in LOVE.

By Mr. AMHURST.

OFT hast thou told me, *Dick*, in friendly
 Part,
That the Usurper *Love* has seiz'd thy Heart ;
But thou art young, and, like our sanguine
 Race,
In their full Vigour, may'st mistake thy Case ;
For, trust me, *Love* (that Inmate of the Mind)
Is very much mistaken by Mankind ;
For which too often is misunderstood
The sudden Rage and Madness of the Blood :
 Thus every common Rake his Flame ap-
 proves,
And when he's lewd and rampant, thinks
 he loves.

But

But I, who in that Study am grown old,
Will to my Friend such certain Marks unfold,
By which a real Passion he may prove,
And without which he cannot truly love.

How does this Tyrant lord it in thy Mind?
What Symptoms of his Empire dost thou find?
Dost thou within perceive the growing Wound?
Does thy Soul sicken, while thy Body's sound?
Does in thy Thought some blooming Beauty
reign,

Whose strong Idea mingles Joy with Pain?
When she appears before thee, does she spread
O'er thy pale, fading Cheeks a sudden Red?
Press her soft Lips, or touch her lillied Hand,
Does thy Heart flutter, does thy Breast expand?
If but her Name is mention'd, does it fire
Thy Pulses with a quick and fierce Desire?
Does every Glance, like *Jove's* vindictive
Flame,

Shoot thro' thy Veins, and kindle all thy Frame?
From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For he, who wants these Symptoms, does
not love.

Is to One Woman all your Heart inclin'd?
And can she only charm your constant Mind?
For her do all your Morning Wishes rise?
Does she at Night of Slumber rob your Eyes?
Musing on her, does she alone excite
Your Thoughts by Day, and all your Dreams
by Night?

32 *The TEST of LOVE.*

Or does your Heart, for every Nymph you meet,
Own a new Passion, and as strongly beat?

Do in your Eyes all Women seem the same;
And each new Face expel the former Flame?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
If you love more than One, you do not
love.

Does *Love*, and only *Love*, invade your
Heart?

Or is it stricken with a golden Dart?

Does the keen Arrow from her Beauty fly,
Or does her Fortune glitter in your Eye?

For, in this Age, how seldom is it found,
That *Love* alone inflicts the secret Wound?

Silver and Gold are *Cupid's* surest Arms,
One thousand Pounds out-weighs ten thousand
Charms.

But art thou sure that, in thy tender Heart,
These worldly Baubles bear no sordid Part?
And can'st thou say, sincerely can'st thou say,
Should adverse Fortune on thy Charmer prey,
That still unchang'd, thy Passion would re-
main?

That still thou would'st abide a faithful Swain?
If, in the curst *South-Sea*, her All were lost,
Still would her Eyes their former Conquests
boast?

And would she, dost thou think, in ev'ry State,
The same Emotions in thy Soul create?

From

The TEST of LOVE. 33

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you sigh for *Wealth*, you do not love.

Again, my Friend, incline thy patient Ear,
(For thou hast many Questions still to hear)
This chosen Damsel, this triumphant she,
Canst thou no Blemish in her Person see?
Her Temper, Shape, her Features, and her Air,
(Tho' never yet was born a faultless Fair)
Do they all please? In Body or in Mind,
Canst thou no Blot nor Imperfection find?
Does o'er her Skin no Mole nor Pimple rise?
Or do ev'n these seem Beauties in thy Eyes?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you spy one *Fault*, you do not love.

Do you within, a sudden Impulse feel,
To dress, look florid, and appear genteel?
Do you affect to strike the gazing Maid
With glittering Gems, with Velvet and Bro-
cade?

Your snowy Wrists do *Mecklin* Pendants grace,
And do the smartest Wigs adorn thy Face?
Do you correct your Gait, adjust your Air,
And bid your Taylor take uncommon Care?
Before your Glass each Morning do you stand,
And tie your Neck-cloth with a Critic's Hand?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For *Dressing* ever was a Mark of *Love*.

Do Books and worldly Cares no longer
please?

Can no Diversions give your Heart-pains Ease?

34 *The* T E S T *of* L O V E.

Have Wealth and Honours lost their wonted
Charms ?

And does Ambition yield to *Cupid's* Arms ?

Is your whole Frame dissolv'd, by *Love* in-
grost,

To Study, Interest, and Preferment lost ?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,

For if aught else prevails, you do not love.

Do all your Thoughts, your Wishes, and
Desires,

Comply with her, and burn with mutual Fires ?

If she loves Balls, Assemblies, Opera's, Plays,

Do they in you the same Amusement raise ?

If she at Ombre loves to waste the Night,

Do you in Ombre take the same Delight ?

If to the Ring her graceful Horses prance,

Does your new Chariot to the Ring advance ?

If in the Mall she chuses to appear,

Or if at Court, do you attend her there ?

What she commends, does your officious
Tongue

Approve, and censure what she judges wrong ?

Are all her Loves and her Aversions thine ?

In all her Joys and Sorrows dost thou join ?

Art thou, my Friend, united to her Frame,

Thy Heart, thy Passions, and thy Soul the
same ?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,

For without *Sympathy* you cannot love.

Didst

Didst thou e'er strive (once more sincerely
say)

With Friends and Wine to drive thy Cares
away?

And have e'en these Endeavours prov'd in vain?
Will neither Friends nor Wine remove thy
Pain?

Dost thou sit pensive, full of Thought, repine,
And, in thy Turn, forget the circling Wine?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if *Wine* drowns your Flame, you do
not love.

Art thou a tame, resign'd, submissive Swain?
Canst thou bear Scorn, Repulses, and Dis-
dain?

Can no ill Treatment nor unkind Returns
Quench the strong Flame, which in thy
Marrow burns?

But do they rather aggravate thy Smart,
And give a quicker Edge to every Dart?
Does not each scornful Look, or angry Jest
Drive the keen Passion deeper in thy Breast?
Do not her poignant Questions and Replies,
Thy partial Ears agreeably surprize?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For if you can *resent*, you do not love.

Whole live-long Days you have enjoy'd her
Sight;

Say, were your Eyes e'er sated with Delight?

Did

36 *The TEST of LOVE.*

Did not you wish next Moment to return ?
Did not your Breast with stronger Ardours
burn ?

Did not each View another View provoke ?
And every Meeting give a deeper Stroke ?
From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For there is no *Satiety* in Love.

Perhaps you judge it an imprudent Flame,
And therefore live at Distance from the Dame ;
But what is the Effect ? does Absence heal
Those Wounds, which smarting in her Sight,
you feel ?

Does not to her your Mind unbidden stray ?
Does not your Heart confess her distant Sway ?
Does not each rising Thought inhance your
Pain ?

And don't you long to see her once again ?
From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For that which *Absence* cancels is not
Love.

Suppose, once more, your Parents or your
Friends,
Either for peevish or prudential Ends,
Should thwart thy Choice, thy promis'd Bliss
oppose,

Would'st thou for her engage all these thy
Foes ?

Would'st thou despise an angry Father's Frown,
And scorn the noisy Censures of the Town ?

Could'st

The TEST of LOVE. 37

Could'st thou, possess'd of her, with Patience
see

The Coxcomb's Finger pointed forth at thee?
Would it not vex you, as you pass along,
To hear the little Spleen of every Tongue?

“ There goes the fond young Fool, who t'other
Day,

“ In heedless Wedlock threw himself away;

“ And, to indulge the rash ungovern'd Heat

“ Of a vain Passion, lost a good Estate?—

Would not such Insults grate thy tender Ear?

Could'st thou besides, without Compunction,
bear

The scornful Smile and the disdainful Sneer?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,

For he, who loves with *Reason*, does not
love.

Still must I touch thee in a tend'rer Part;

Would not a happy Rival stab thy Heart?

Could'st thou behold the Darling of thy Breast

With Freedom by another Youth carest?

Say, could'st thou to thy dearest Friend afford

A Kiss, a Smile, or one obliging Word?

Say, at the public Ball or private Dance,

When the brisk Couples artfully advance,

Could'st thou, unmov'd with Indignation, stand,

If to another she resign'd her Hand?

Would your Heart rest at Ease? or would it
swell

With all the Pains, the sharpest Pains of Hell?

From

38 *The* TEST of LOVE.

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For, without *Jealousy*, you cannot love.

To the last Question of thy trusty Friend
(Tho' many more might still be ask'd) attend.
To purge her Virtue, or revenge her Wrongs,
(For Beauty is the Theme of busy Tongues)
Should Blood be call'd for in the doubtful
Strife,

Would'st thou with Pleasure part with Blood—
or Life?

Would'st thou all Dangers in her Cause despise,
And meet unequal Foes for such a Prize?

Would it not plant new Courage in thy Heart,
And double Vigour to thy Arm impart?

To screen thy Mistress from the slightest Harms,
Would'st thou not purchase Death, and would
not Death have Charms?

From hence a real Passion you may prove,
For never yet was *Coward* known to love.

By these Prescriptions judge your inward
Part,

Put all these Questions closely to your Heart;
And if by them your Flame you can approve,
Then will I own that you sincerely love.

The COCK and the DOVES.

A F A B L E.

Inscribed to a Friend.

IN Farmer's Yard, one Summer's Day,
 A Pair of Doves, like Nature gay,
 Sat Bill to Bill ; with scornful Eye,
 And haughty Port, a Cock went by :
 He went, but soon return'd again,
 And twenty Hens compos'd his Train.
 He crow'd, and near the Doves he drew,
 And rang'd his Females full in View :
 The Doves, of all regardless still,
 Their Attitude was Bill to Bill ;
 The Cock, impatient of the Sight,
 With humbled Vanity and Spight,
 Thus taunting, cry'd : ' Methinks all Day,
 ' Two faithful Doves can bill and play !
 ' If blest, indeed, as ye pretend,
 ' Your Bliss is vast, and without End !
 ' But I'm convinc'd 'tis all Pretence,
 ' Can one to one such Joys dispense ?
 ' I, with a thousand Beauties blest,
 ' Caressing all, by all caress'd ;
 ' Not I can boast more Bliss than you,
 ' If these pretended Joys are true :
 ' Hence, with your ostentatious Loves,
 ' I hate all hypocritic Doves.'

With

40 *The Cock and the Doves.*

With Plumage varying in the Sun,
Tom rais'd his Head, and thus begun :
 " Abusive Scorners ! falsely vain !
 " Unmov'd, your Insult we sustain ;
 " Our mated Loves, endear'd by Truth,
 " Survive the transient Bloom of Youth :
 " Not with the Kifs our Pleasure ends ;
 " Not *Lovers* only— *Doves* are *Friends*.
 " Thro' Life, but one our mutual Aim,
 " Our Fears, Hopes, Wishes, all the same.
 " Unlov'd, unloving, wretched Bird !
 " With Female Rakes, a Rake you herd.
 " When stung by Jealousy or Rage,
 " You bold and bloody Combat wage,
 " Of all your Train, will one stand by,
 " With panting Breast, and wishful Eye ?
 " You fall— another fills your Place ;
 " Most welcome still the newest Face."

As meet, her Place *Tom's* Female knew,
 (In Turtles prudent Wives we view)
 Silent she sat, with Rapture high,
 Full on dear *Tom* was fix'd her Eye.

— Yet as he finish'd, 'tis confess'd,
 She arch'd her Neck, and rear'd her Crest ;
 As proud to own the glorious Cause,
 And clapt her Wings, and coo'd Applause.

' Go ! (cry'd the Cock) my Soul disdains
 ' To make Reply ! Go, hug your Chains !'

He scarce had ended, when behold,
 A Rival comes, as young, as bold !

His

His wanton Wish his Looks proclaim ;
With answ'ring Looks the Females came :
His Wish they crown'd, he crows aloud ;
His Death the rival'd Boaster vow'd :
They fight, and dreadful Scenes ensue,
Their Females, unconcern'd, withdrew.
This dies ; our Hero, maim'd, survives,
The Scorn of all his twenty Wives.
Opprobrious, now, he hides his Head ;
None mourn the Wounded, nor the Dead.
New Rakes, new Loves, new Broils succeed,
They riot, envy, fight, and bleed.
With speechless Joy the Turtles glow'd,
Their Joys their meeting Glances show'd :
And bless'd the gracious Pow'r above,
That each at first was form'd a Dove.

Let others take from Cocks their Cue,
And range wide Nature's Common thro' ;
By Doves instructed, you and I,
Each with his one can live and die.

The H E R M I T.

A T A L E.

By Mr. PARNELL.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to public View,
From Youth to Age, a rev'rend Hermit
grew :

The

The Moss his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the crystal
Well :

Remote from Man, with God he pass'd the
Days,

Pray'r all his Bus'ness, all his Pleasure Praise.

A Life so sacred, such serene Repose,
Seem'd Heav'n itself, 'till one Suggestion rose ;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some Doubt of Providence's Sway :
His Hopes no more a certain Prospect boast,
And all the Tenor of his Soul is lost :

So when a smooth Expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's Image on its wat'ry Breast,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending
grow,

And Skies beneath with answ'ring Colours glow.
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side ;
And glimm'ring Fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Disorder
run.

To clear this Doubt, to know the World
by Sight,

To find if Books or Swains report it right ;
(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
Whose Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly
Dew)

He quits his Cell ; the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,
And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before ;

Then

Then with the Sun a rising Journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.

The Morn was wasted in the pathless
Grass,

And long and lonesome was the Wild to pass;
But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the
Day,

A Youth came posting o'er a crossing Way;
His Raiment decent, his Complexion fair,
And soft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he
cry'd;

And hail, my Son! the rev'rend Sire reply'd:
Words follow'd Words, from Question Answer
flow'd,

And Talk of various Kind deceiv'd the Road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their Age they differ, join in Heart:
Thus stands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
Thus youthful Ivy clasps an Elm around.

Now sunk the Sun; the closing Hour of
Day

Came onward, mantled o'er with sober Grey;
Nature in Silence bid the World repose;
When near the Road a stately Palace rose:
There, by the Moon, thro' Ranks of Trees
they pass,

Whose Verdure crown'd their sloping Sides of
Grass.

It chanc'd, the noble Master of the Dome
Still made his House the wand'ring Stranger's
Home :

Yet still the Kindness, from a Thirst of Praise,
Prov'd the vain Flourish of expensive Ease.
The Pair arrive ; the liv'ry'd Servants wait ;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous
Gate.

The Table groans with costly Piles of Food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to Rest, the Day's long Toil they
drown,
Deep sunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of
Down.

At length 'tis Morn, and, at the Dawn of
Day,

Along the wide Canals the *Zephyrs* play ;
Fresh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring Wood to banish
Sleep.

Up rise the Guests, obedient to the Call,
An early Banquet deck'd the splendid Hall ;
Rich luscious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd,
Which the kind Master forc'd the Guests to
taste.

Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch
they go ;
And, but the Landlord, none had Cause of
Woe :

His

His Cup was vanish'd ; for, in secret Guise,
The younger Guest purloin'd the glitt'ring
Prize.

As one, who spies a Serpent in his Way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the Summer Ray,
Disorder'd, stops to shun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintness on, and looks with
Fear :

So seem'd the Sire ; when, far upon the Road,
The shining Spoil his wily Partner show'd.
He stopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling
Heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring, he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it
hard,

That gen'rous Actions meet a base Reward.

While thus they pass, the Sun his Glory
shrouds,

The changing Skies hang out their sable
Clouds ;

A Sound in Air presag'd approaching Rain,
And Beasts to Covert scud across the Plain.

Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair re-
treat,

To seek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.

'Twas built with Turrets, on a rising Ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd a-
round ;

Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Desert there.

As

As near the Miser's heavy Doors they drew,
 Fierce rising Gusts with sudden Fury blew ;
 The nimble Light'ning mix'd with Show'rs
 began,

And o'er their Heads loud-rolling Thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in
 vain,

Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
 At length some Pity warm'd the Master's Breast,
 ('Twas then his Threshold first receiv'd a
 Guest)

Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous
 Care,

And half, he welcomes in the shiv'ring Pair ;
 One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
 And Nature's Fervour thro' their Limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest Sort, with eager Wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to
 dine ;

And when the Tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.

With still Remark the pond'ring Hermit
 view'd,

In one so rich, a Life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost Wealth a Thousand want be-
 side ?

But what new Marks of Wonder soon took
 Place

In ev'ry settling Feature of his Face !

When

When from his Vest the young Companion
bore

That Cup, the gen'rous Landlord own'd be-
fore ;

And paid profusely, with the precious Bowl,
The stinted Kindness of this churlish Soul !

But now the Clouds in airy Tumults fly,
The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky ;
A fresher Green the smelling Leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the Day :
The Weather courts them from the poor Re-
treat,

And the glad Master bolts the wary Gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's Bosom
wrought

With all the Travel of uncertain Thought ;
His Partner's Acts without their Cause appear,
'Twas there a Vice, and seem'd a Madness
here :

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various Shows.

Now Night's dim Shades again involve the
Sky ;

Again the Wand'ers want a Place to lie,
Again they search, and find a Lodging nigh. }
The Soil improv'd around, the Mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its Master's Turn of Mind,
Content, and not for Praise, but Virtue kind.

Hither

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
Then blest the Mansion, and the Master greet :
Their Greeting fair, bestow'd with modest
Guise,

The courteous Master hears, and thus re-
plies :

Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a Part ;
From Him you come, for Him accept it
here,

A frank and sober, more than costly Cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome Table spread,
Then talk'd of Virtue till the Time of Bed,
When the grave Household round his Hall re-
pair,

Warn'd by a Bell, and close the Hours with
Pray'r.

At length the World, renew'd by calm Re-
pose,

Was strong for Toil, the dappled Morn arose ;
Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant slept,
And with'd his Neck ; the Landlord's little
Pride,

O strange Return ! grew black, and gasp'd,
and dy'd.

Horror of Horrors ! what ! his only Son !
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was
done ?

Not

Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in sunder
part,
And breathe blue Fire, cou'd more assault his
Heart.

Confus'd, and struck with Silence at the
Deed,

He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
His Steps the Youth pursues; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant shew'd the
Way:

A River cross'd the Path; the Passage o'er
Was nice to find, the Servant trod before:
Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge supply'd,
And deep the Waves beneath the Bending glide.
The Youth, who seem'd to watch a Time to
fin,
Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him
in:

Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his Head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the
Dead.

Wild, sparkling Rage inflames the Father's
Eyes,
He bursts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,
Detested Wretch!—But scarce his Speech
began,
When the strange Partner seem'd no longer Man.
His youthful Face grew more serenely sweet;
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his
Feet:

D

Fair

Fair Rounds of radiant Points invest his Hair ;
Celestial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air :
And Wings, whose Colours glitter'd on the
Day,

Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes display.

The Form etherial, bursts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majesty of Light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's Passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprize, in secret Chains, his Words suspends,

And, in a Calm, his settling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy Pray'r, thy Praise, thy Life to Vice
unknown,

In sweet Memorial rise before the Throne :
These Charms, Success in our bright Region find,

And force an Angel down to calm thy Mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the Sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel— Thy Fellow Servant I.

Then know the Truth of Government divine,

And let these Scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred Majesty thro' all depends
On using second Means to work his Ends.

'Tis

'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human
Eye,

The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,
Your Actions uses, nor controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be still.

What strange Events can strike with more
Surprize,

Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
Eyes?

Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain Man, who far'd on costly
Food,

Whose Life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets shine,
And forc'd his Guests to Morning Draughts of
Wine,

Has, with the Cup, the graceless Custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of Cost.

The mean, suspicious Wretch, whose bolted
Door,

Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind,
That Heav'n can bless, if Mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compassion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artists melt the sullen Ore of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And, loose from Dross, the Silver runs below.

Long had our pious Friend in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from
God;

(Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And measur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
To what Excesses had his Dotage run?
But God, to save the Father, took the Son.
To all but thee, in Fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my Ministry to deal the Blow.)
The poor fond Parent, humbled in the Dust,
Now owns, in Tears, the Punishment was
just.

But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
Had that false Servant sped in Safety back?
This Night his treasur'd Heaps he meant to
steal,

And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy Mind; this Trial
o'er,

Depart in Peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding Pinions here the Youth with-
drew,

The Sage stood wond'ring as the *Scrapp* flew.
Thus look'd *Elisha*, when, to mount on
high,

His Master took the Chariot of the Sky.

The fiery Pomp ascending left the View;

The Prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow
too.

The

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
*Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy Will be
done.*

Then gladly turning, fought his ancient Place,
And pass'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

The C A T T E R P I L L A R *and*
B U T T E R F L Y .

A F A B L E .

THE Morning blush'd with vivid Red,
And Night in fullen Silence fled ;
Sad *Philomel* no more complains,
The Lark begins his sprightly Strains ;
Light paints the Flow'rs of various Hue,
And sparkles in the pendant Dew :
Life moves o'er all the quicken'd Green,
And Beauty reigns, unrival'd Queen.

Green as the Leaf on which he lay,
A Catterpillar wak'd to Day ;
And look'd around, and chanc'd to 'spy
A Leaf of more inviting Dye ;
From where he lay, he crawl'd, and found,
The verdant Spot's indented bound ;
Stretch'd from the Verge, he strove to gain
The neighb'ring Leaf, but strove in vain.

54 *The CATERPILLAR and*

In that nice Moment, prompt to save,
A Brother Worm this Warning gave.

“ O ! turn, advent’rous as thou art,
Nor hence, deceiv’d by Hope, depart :
What tho’ the Leaf, that tempts thee, shows
More tasteful Food, more soft Repose ;
What, tho’ with brighter Spangles gay,
Its Dew reflects an earlier Ray ?
O ! think what Dangers guard the Prize ;
O ! think what Dangers, and be wise !
The Pass from Leaf to Leaf forbear ;
Behold how high they wave in Air !
And shou’dst thou fall, tremendous Thought !
What Ruin wou’d avenge thy Fault ?
Thy mangled Carcase, writh’d with Pain,
Shall mark with Blood the dusty Plain.
Then Death, the Dread of all below,
Thy Wish—alone can end thy Woe.
Untimely Death, for now to die,
Is ne’er to rise a *Butterfly*.”

‘ A *Butterfly* !’ th’ *Advent’rer* cries,
‘ What’s that ?’ “ A Bird,” his Friend
replies,

To which this reptile Form shall rise ;
The joyful Season Time shall bring,
He bears it on his rapid Wing.

An Age there is, when all our Kind
Disdain the Ground, and mount the Wind :
And shou’dst thou, Friend, this Age attain—
(With Haste the Worm reply’d again)

‘ Say

‘ Say, what Assurance canst thou give,
That I with Birds a Bird shall live :
For cou’d I trust thy pleasing Tale,
No wanton Wish shou’d e’er prevail :
For what that Worms obtain, can vie
With Blis of Birds that wing the Sky ?’
— “ Believe my Words, th’ Adviser said,
Since not of private Int’rest bred ;
Not on thy Life or Death depend
My Pleasure or my Pain—— Attend !
Like thee, to all the future blind,
I knew not Wings for Worms design’d ;
Till last yon Sun’s ascending Light
Remov’d the dusky Shades of Night.
Soon as his Rays, from Heav’n sublime,
Shone on that Leaf you wish to climb ;
That Leaf, which shades, in earliest Hours,
This less conspicuous Spot of ours :
Surpriz’d, a lovely Form I saw,
That touch’d me with Delight and Awe ;
’Twas near, and while my Looks betray’d
My Wonder, thus the Stranger said :
“ If view’d by thee, with wond’rous Eyes,
My graceful Shape and vary’d dies ;
New Wonder still prepare to feel,
Amazing Truths my Words reveal :
For know, like thine my humble Birth ;
Like thee, I crawl’d a Worm on Earth.”
“ Ah ! mock me not, said I, nor seek
A worthless Triumph o’er the Weak.

56 *The CATERPILLAR and*

Canst thou, thy Form with Down o'erspread,
By Nature crown'd thy regal Head?
Canst thou my reptile Shape have worn?
My reptile Shape, of all the Scorn!
Hast thou! whose gorgeous Wings display
Each vary'd Tint that drinks the Day;
More bright than Drops of orient Dew,
More gay than Flow'rs of gaudiest Hue;
With Purple edg'd, and fring'd with Gold,
Like Light, too splendid to behold!
Hast thou, an abject Worm like me,
Crawl'd prone on Earth? it cannot be."

"O! cease thy Doubts, the Stranger cry'd,
To Faith thy Happiness ally'd——
Not thrice the Morn these Eyes have view'd,
Since genial Spring my Life renew'd:
From Death-like Slumbers wak'd, I found
A guardian Shell invest me round.
The circling Shield I broke, nor knew
How long my Safety thence I drew;
But soon perceiv'd, and knew the Spot,
Where once, a Worm, I fix'd my Lot:
The *past*, with Wonder, touch'd my Breast,
More Wonder still the *now* impress;
With Pleasure mixt,—the Pleasure grew,
At ev'ry Thought, at ev'ry View:
'Transform'd, my unknown Pow'r I try,
I wave my Wings! I rise! I fly!
Enraptur'd with the blissful Change,
From Field to Field I wanton rage;

From

From Flow'r to Flow'r, from Tree to Tree,
And see whate'er I wish to see.
Now glide along the daisy'd Ground,
Now wheel in wanton Circles round;
Now mount aloft, and sport in Air,
Transported, when I will, and where.
Still present to whate'er invites,
Each Moment brings me new Delights:
Nor Fear allays the Joy I know,
The Dangers scorn'd that lurk below;
No trampling Hoof, my former Dread,
Can crush me, mangled, to the Dead.
Ev'n Man himself pursues, in vain,
My sportive Circuit o'er the Plain."
He said, and raptur'd with the Thought,
New Charms his bright'ning Plumage caught,
He clapp'd his Wings, his rapid Flight
I trac'd, with fond desiring Sight;
O! glorious State—reserv'd to this,
I risk not Life for reptile Bliss:
O! catch the glowing Wish from me,
The same the Bliss reserv'd for thee:
Desist from ev'ry rash Design,
And Beauty, Plumes, and Wings are thine.
He ceas'd, th' *Advent'rer* thus reply'd;
' By thee the fancied Change be try'd,
The *now* is mine, the *now* alone,
The *future* Fate's—a dark unknown!
To *Nature's* Voice my Ears incline;
All lovely, loving, all divine!

58 *The* CATTERPILLAR, &c.

To Joy *she* courts, *she* points the Way,
 And chides this cold, this dull Delay.
 Farewel—let Hope thy Bliss supply,
 And count thy Gains with Fancy's Eye.
 Be thine the Wings that Time shall send,
 Believing and obliging Friend—'
 He said, and sneering fly Disdain,
 The neighb'ring Leaf attempts to gain;
 He falls— all bruise'd on Earth he lies;
 Too late repents, and groans, and dies.
 His friendly Monitor, with Care,
 Avoids each Pleasure-baited Snare;
 False Pleasure, false, and fatal too!
 Superior Joys he keeps in View:
 They come—the genial Spring supplies
 The Wings he hop'd, and, lo! he flies!
 Tastes all that Summer Suns prepare,
 And all the Joys of Earth and Air!

The KNIGHTS *of the* BATH.

A T A L E.

To his Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE.

By *Mr.* COOKE.

SAY, shall the Brave like common Mortals
die,

And Acts of Virtue in Oblivion lie ?

The Muse forbids, who, in recording Lays,
Gives ever to Desert the Song of Praise.

What, tho' the Tale is not to *Anstis* known ?

Whate'er the Muse recalls she makes her own ;

Who, conscious of thy Worth, would give to
Fame

Thy Charms *Matilda*, and *Carvilior's* Flame.

Attend, my Lord, while I the Tale restore ;

Protect the Poet, and he asks no more ;

Refuse not to regard this humble Strain,

Thou just Presider o'er th' illustrious Train.

E're the first *Cæsar* did our Isle subdue,

When *Britons* nought but *British* Virtue knew,

Cingetorix, in his Domains content,

Confin'd his Empire to the Bounds of *Kent*.

No Lust of Pow'r drives him to Realms un-
known,

To rob his Neighbours, and enlarge his own.

At

60 *The* KNIGHTS *of the* BATH.

At Home no Fear his Peace of Mind molests ;
 He rules, no Tyrant, oyer loyal Breasts.
 Thrice happy Land, 'tis here the *Druids* sing,
 And are Companions only for the King.
 Far hence away the Sons of Battle rage,
 Unknown, O ! *Albion*, to thy golden Age.

One only Daughter was this Prince's Care,
 Chaste as *Diana*, and as *Venus* fair ;
 When in the Woods the Nymph delights to
 rove,

Matilda walks the *Dian* of the Grove ;
 Or, if the regal Dome is her Resort,
Matilda shines the *Venus* of the Court ;
 If in the Grove, or in the Court, she moves,
 She's still attended by a thousand Loves ;
 Each from her Eyes a thousand Arrows darts,
 And leads in Triumph each a thousand Hearts.
 All Eyes which see her once confess her Sway,
 And her bright Image never fades away.

Among the Youths, who dar'd to vow their
 Flame,

A poor, but gallant, Prince, *Carvilior*, came ;
 He walk'd a God amidst th' admiring Throng,
 The darling Subject of the *Druid's* Song.
 To all the Beauties of a Form, were join'd
 'Th' unfully'd Virtues of a Soul refin'd.
 His ev'ry Act, his ev'ry Word, could move ;
 Master of all the Rhetoric of Love.

Of all the Suitors who the Fair address'd,
 None found a Passage to her virtuous Breast,

But

The KNIGHTS of *the* BATH. 61

But Prince *Carvilior*. First her Eyes approve,
Forc'd from her Heart at last to call it Love.
They love, the Cause the same, they both
adore ;
Much do their Persons charm, their Virtues
more.

Long had they both with mutual Anguish
burn'd,
And, unmolested, Sigh for Sigh return'd.
Now in the Court, now in the lonely Walk,
Pleas'd with the sweet Varieties of Talk.
Their Vows in Secret they prefer to Fate,
In Life, in Love, to grant an equal Date :
And who so blest'd, who half so blest'd, as
they ?

In Love we fancy all a Summer Day !

When most secure of all our Wish we stand,
Oft' are we cast upon a barren Land ;
For cruel Fortune will a Moment find,
A Moment to the Lover's Hopes unkind.

Cingetorix had now their Passion seen,
He scan'd *Carvilior*'s Form, his Air, his Mien ;
Much did he strive to count his Virtues o'er,
He found them many ; but he found him poor.
It is resolv'd. In vain our Virtues plead,
And weak their Succour in the Time of Need.
Th' obdurate Sire forbids his longer Stay,
The Lover drives, without a Look, away.
Soon as he hears the rigid Father's Mind,
The Prince obeys, and leaves his Soul behind.

Banish'd

62 *The* KNIGHTS *of the* BATH.

Banish'd the Court, and forc'd from all he
 loves,
 A sudden Shade he seeks, the lonely Groves.
 To the bleak Plains, wild as his Thoughts,
 he flies,
 And begs the King may see with younger Eyes.
 He shuns all Converse for the silent Bow'rs ;
 And wears away with Grief the lazy Hours.
 Now on the Margin of a murm'ring Stream
 He sits all Day, and makes the Nymph his
 Theme.

Of Health regardless, on the Turf he lies,
 Lost to all Joy, till Sleep has clos'd his Eyes :
 On Beds of Roses now he seems to rest,
 There reigns, *Matilda*, Monarch of thy Breast ;
 All his pass'd Scenes of Bliss his Dreams re-
 store ;

O ! kind Delusion ! he's a Wretch no more.
 The *Phantom* flies, and leaves him to his Pain ;
 He wakes, alas ! and is a Wretch again.

While thus the Prince his Loss, *Matilda*,
 bears,
 Counting the Moments each an Age of Cares,
 Alike the Fair of adverse Stars complains,
 And for *Carvilior* feels *Carvilior's* Pains.
 True to her Love, as constant to her Grief,
 She feeds on Sorrow, and denies Relief.
 To her no more the bright Assembly's gay ;
 Nothing has Charms ; and Day no more is
 Day.

As

The KNIGHTS of *the* BATH. 63

As when the Sun bears from our Eyes the
Light,

And for a-while leaves half the World in Night,
No more the Rose in purple Pride is seen,
The painted Tulip, nor the Willow green;
So to the Fair all worldly Charms are dead,
Her Sun, that gave the Day, *Carvilior's* fled.

His wish'd for Absence frees from their De-
spair,

The Croud of Lovers that address the Fair!
All hope Advantage from *Carvilior's* Pain,
And all their Vows renew, and all in vain.
With mighty Dow'rs some strive her Soul to
move;

And Crowns are laid to be the Snares of Love.
Nor mighty Dow'rs, nor Crowns, can change
the Dame,

True to her Virtue, and her first-born Flame.
At a small Distance from the Palace stood,
For sweet Retirement, a convenient Wood;
There would the Princess, with her Maid, re-
move,

To shun the Concourse of detested Love.
And now the Damsels crop the woodland
Flow'rs,

Now tell her tender Tales in fragrant Bow'rs;
Now secret to the inmost Shade they go,
Where a cool riv'let's silver Currents flow;
In which divested of the Veil of Dress,
Whene'er she blaz'd in modest Nakedness,

The

64 *The* KNIGHTS of *the* BATH.

The Sun enamour'd, as Traditions say,
Would, gazing on her Charms, prolong the
Day.

Hither two Lords, who long, too long, had
borne

Thy Frowns, *Matilda*, and of Love the Scorn,
As void of Fear the Nymphs were bathing,
came,

And blest'd the Hour that should revenge their
Shame.

Once jealous Rivals, now with Vengeance
fir'd,

They league against the Virtues they admir'd.
Behind a Thicket they conceal'd remain,
And view the Goddess with her Virgin Train ;
Her iv'ry Arms, and snowy Breasts, explore,
The Waves forbid it, they can see no more.
They doubt, or shall they bear the Fair away,
Or act their Horrors in the Face of Day.

The dire Remembrance of their slighted Flame,
Their burning Passion for the scornful Dame,
Their brutal Nature, prone to Rapes, combine

To execute in Haste the black Design.

Quick on the River's Bank each Monster
stands,

Fire in their Looks, their Poniards in their
Hands ;

No

The KNIGHTS *of the* BATH. 65

No outward Signs their deepest Thoughts disguise,

For their dark Souls glare dreadful thro' their Eyes.

To hide their naked Charms the Virgins strove,
And their Shrieks echo'd thro' the plaintive Grove.

The boding Cries *Carvilior's* Ears invade,
Who pensive lay beneath a distant Shade;
He knew the much lov'd Voice, and from the Ground

Starting, he trembled at the well-known Sound;

His Bow, and Quiver, o'er his Arms he threw,
And, wing'd with Love, swift as the Winds he flew.

Soon on the Bank he stood, a new Surprise!
For poor *Matilda* scarce believ'd her Eyes.

Desist, he cry'd aloud, nor touch the Fair;

An unexpected Foe demands your Care.

Then to the Head he drew the barbed Dart,
And found a Passage to a Traytor's Heart;

The Villain prostrate on the Ground he laid,
A breathless Victim to the virtuous Maid.

To shun his Fate by Flight the second strove,
And sought for Refuge in the shady Grove.

The Prince pursues fast as the Wretch can fly,
Resolv'd his Vengeance to compleat, or die.

Mean-while the Damsels to the Shade repair,
Studious to dress, and to relieve, the Fair;

With

66 *The* KNIGHTS *of the* BATH.

With her they Prince *Carvilior's* Fate deplore,
And fear for him, as for themselves before ;
But soon their Fears are with their Danger fled,
And now the Nymph uprears her drooping
Head ;

For lo ! the bless'd Preserver of her Fame,
Safe from the Work of Fate, and Justice,
came.

Quick to his Breast he clasp'd the love-sick
Maid,

And thought the Toils he bore were well re-
pay'd.

In silent Raptures they their Joys reveal,
Which none can well describe, but when they
feel.

So shall the Soul, if true the Sages say,
Mark out her Partner in the last great Day ;
As great as those met to eternal Ease,
Tho' not so lasting, are the Joys of these.

Soon as the good old King the Story hears,
He owns the godlike Act in gen'rous Tears ;
A thousand Sorrows swell his lab'ring Breast,
To see such Virtues by himself oppress'd.
His royal Griefs confess his Sense of Shame ;
And now he hears with Joy *Carvilior's* Name,
Firmly resolv'd, impatient of Delay,
Not to defer the marriage Rites a Day :
And that the Tale might e'er be told on Earth,
And such a Pattern of heroic Worth,

To future Ages might be handed down,
He thrice twelve gallant Youths, of high Re-
nown,

Selected Souls, of all the Land the Flow'r,
Appointed to adorn the bridal Hour.

They go, conducted by the Man divine,
Full of Devotion to the sacred Shrine.

Before the Altar to the God they bow ;
And make, with Zeal unfeign'd, the solemn
Vow :

To give, in Time of Need, the wretched Aid ;
To guard, from brutal Force, the spotless Maid.

And thus, my Lord, the Knights of *Bath*
began,

In Honour to the brave and godlike Man ;
An Order, ever to *Carvilior's* Fame,

Which from the Virgins *bathing* took the
Name.

S N A I T H M A R S H.

A Yorkshire Pastoral.

Young *Robin* of the Plain, 'erst * blithest
Blade

That e'er with Sickle keen the Fields difray'd,

* An old Word signifying Time past.

Who

Who whistling drove the smoking Teem along,
 Or trimm'd the thorny Fence, with rustic Song,
 Thro' ev'ry Season busy, still, and gay,
 He plough'd, he sow'd ; he made, and stack'd
 the Hay,

Not dreary Winter reach'd to *Robin's* Breast,
 He thrash'd, he winnow'd, and he crack'd his
 Jest.

But now, nor Spring's Return with Joy he sees,
 Nor flow'ry Plain he heeds, nor budding Trees,
 Nor Linnet warbling from the dewy Brakes,
 Nor early Lark who tow'ring Circles takes,
 Nor tuneful Thrushes from the Hedge that sing,
 Nor the shrill Blackbird's Welcome to the
 Spring.*

Against a Gate he leans in rueful Plight,
 And eyes the Plain that late was *Snaith Marsh*
 Hight.

Ah ! wae * is me, thus doleful 'gan he
 mourn :

Ah ! wae the Time, whenever I was born,
 But far more waeful still that luckless Day,
 Which with the Commons gave *Snaith Marsh*
 away,

Snaith Marsh our whole Town's Pride, the poor
 Man's Bread,

Where, tho' no Rent he paid, his Cattle fed,

* Woe.

Fed on the sweetest Grass which here rise *
 grew,
 Common to all, nor Fence, nor Landmark
 knew,
 Whose flow'ry Turf no crooked Share had
 raz'd,
 Nor wide destroying Scythe its Green effac'd.
 But now, ah! now, it stoops, sad feet † I
 ween, ‡
 In mony a Row, with Rails suspended 'tween.
 Wae warth § the Day, when tic'd sure by
 old Nick,
 All to grow rich at once, like Neighbour Dick,
 To Town I high'd, and on a luckless Fair,
 For Cattle here to graze, war'd || all my
 Gear, ¶
 And boldly ventur'd at one Cast to buy,
 A deist ** fine breeding Mear ††, and newted
 Whye ‡‡,
 Ten Ewes, a Tup §§, and more, a Flock of
 Geese,
 All which I thought would here so fast increase,
 That tho' they'd cost me all my worldly Store,
 I rekenn'd soon to gain as mickle more,
 But now *Snaith Marsh's* taid |||, and all my }
 Gain blown o'er.

* Plentiful. † Sight. ‡ Think or conceive. § A Phrase.
 || Laid out. ¶ Riches. ** Lively or nimble. †† Mare.
 ‡‡ New calv'd young Cow. §§ A Ram. ||| Took.

My goodly Stock, e'er yet they tasted Food,
By cross-grain'd Hinds were driv'n from their
Abode,

Tho' lest bad Neighbours might have ow'd me
spight,

I fore-hand taid a House to give me Right,
With bonny *Susan* where I hop'd to dwell,
But now I prove that Proverb on myself *,
Which says, that one Grief brings another on,
Too sure, alas! and mine will ne'er have done,
For *Susan*, whom I thought my Sweetheart true,
When as my Crosses came 'gan look askue;
And what than all beside my Heart most pains,
For landed *Roger*, now my Love disdains,
Roger not to be nam'd with me, I trow,
More than Muckmidden † vile, with Barley
Mow;

But *Roger* has a House in yonder Lane,
And my sad Loss proves ev'ry Way his Gain;
Yet wilt thou, *Susan*? wilt thou, selfish Lads!
For Sake of fordid Wealth, thy Love debase?
No, do not think Content is in mich Store,
But be to *Robin* kind, as heretofore,
And we'll in Love be blest'd, tho' *Snaith*
Marsh be no more. }

Alas! will *Roger* e'er his Sleep forego?
Afore Larks sing, or early Cock 'gin crow,
As I've for thee, ungrateful Maiden, done,
To help thee milking, e'er Day-wark begun,

* Self.

† Dunghill.

And when thy well-stript Kye* would yield
no more,

Still on my Head the reeking † Kit I bore.

And, oh! bethink thee, then, what lovesome
Talk,

We've held together ganging down the Balk ‡,
Maundring§ at Time which wou'd na|| for us
stay,

But now, I ween, mais¶ no such Hast away.
Yet, O! return eftsoon**, and ease my Woe,
And to some distant Parish let us go,

And there again them leetsome †† Days re-
store,

Where unassail'd by meety †† Folk in Pow'r,
Our Cattle yet may feed, tho' *Snaith Marsh* }
be no more.

But wae is me, I wot, I fand §§ am grown,
Forgetting *Susan* is already gone,
And *Roger* aims ||| e'er *Lady-day* to wed,
The Bands last *Sunday* in the Church were bid;
But let me, let me, first i'th' Churchyard lig¶¶,
For soon I there must gang, my Grief's so big.
All others in their Loss some Comfort find,
Tho' *Ned's* like me reduc'd, yet *Jenny's* kind,

* Cow. † Pail. ‡ A Land in the Field for Foot-
Paths and Carriages. § Finding Fault. || Not.
¶¶ Makes. ** An old Word for very soon. †† Light-
some or very chearful. †† Mighty Men. §§ Foolish or
stupid, ||| Intends. ¶¶ Be laid.

72 *The* BROCADED GOWN

And tho' his Fleece no more our Parson takes,
 And roast Goose dainty Food, his Table lacks,
 Yet he for Tythes ill-paid, gets better Land,
 While I am ev'ry Way o'th' losing Hand :
 My Adlings * war'd, and yet my Rent to pay,
 My Geese, like *Susan's* Faith, flown far away,
 My Cattle, like their Master, lank and poor,
 My Heart with hopeless Love to Pieces tore,
 And all these Sorrows came, syne *Snaith* }
Marsh was no more.

* Earnings.

The BROCADED GOWN and
 LINEN RAG.

A F A B L E.

FROM a fine Lady to her Maid,
 A Gown descended of Brocade,
French?—Yes from *Paris*—that's enough,
 That wou'd give Dignity to Stuff.
 By Accident, or by Design,
 Or from some Cause, I can't divine,
 A Linen Rag (sad Source of Wrangling !)
 On a contiguous Peg was dangling,
 Vilely besmear'd—for late its Master
 It serv'd in Quality of Plaister.

The

The Gown, contemptuous Beholder,
Gave a *French* Shrug from either Shoulder,
And rustling with Emotion furious,
Bespoke the Rag in Terms injurious :

“ Unfit for Tinder, Lint, or *Fodder*,
“ Thou Thing of Filth, and (what is odder)
“ Discarded from thy Owner’s Issue,
“ Dare you approach Brocade and Tissue ?
“ Instant away — or in this Place
“ *Be gar me* give you *Coup de Grace*.”

To this reply’d the honest Rag,
Who likes a Jest, and was a Wag,
‘ Tho’ thy glib Tongue without an Halt run,
‘ Thou shabby, second-hand, Subaltern,
‘ At once so antient and so easy,
‘ At once so gorgeous and so greasy,
‘ I value not your gasconading,
‘ Nor all your *A-la-mode* parading.
‘ But to abstain from Words imperious,
‘ And to be sober, grave, and serious,
‘ (Tho’, says Friend *Horace*, ’tis no Treason
‘ At once to giggle, and to Reason)
‘ When me you lessen, Friend, you dream,
‘ For know I am not what I seem.
‘ Soon by the Mill’s refining Motion,
‘ The sweetest Daughter of the Ocean,
‘ Fair *Medway* shall with snowy Hue,
‘ My Virgin Purity renew,
‘ And give me re-inform’d Existence,
‘ A good Retention and Subsistence.

E

‘ Then

74 *The BROCADED GOWN, &c.*

- ‘ Then shall the Sons of Genius join
- ‘ To make my second Life divine.
- ‘ O *Murray*, let me then dispense,
- ‘ Some Portion of thy Eloquence ;
- ‘ For *Greek* and *Roman* Rhetoric shine,
- ‘ United and improv’d in thine.
- ‘ The spirit-firring * Sage alarms,
- ‘ And *Ciceronian* Sweetness charms.—
- ‘ Th’ *Athenian Akenfide* may deign,
- ‘ To stamp me deathless with his Pen,
- ‘ While flows, approv’d by all the Nine,
- ‘ Th’ immortal Soul of ev’ry Line.
- ‘ Perhaps, ev’n all-accomplish’d *Gray*,
- ‘ May grace me with a *Doric* Lay,
- ‘ With sweet, with manly Words of Woe,
- ‘ That nervously pathetic flow.
- ‘ What, *Mason*, may I owe to you,
- ‘ Learning’s first Pride, and Nature’s too :
- ‘ On thee she cast her sweetest Smile,
- ‘ And gave thee Art’s correcting file ;
- ‘ That File, which with assiduous Pain,
- ‘ The Viper *Envy* bites in vain.
- ‘ — Such Glories my mean Lot betide ;
- ‘ Hear, tawdry Fool, and check thy Pride. —
- ‘ Thou, after scouring, dying, turning,
- ‘ (If haply you escape a Burning)
- ‘ From Gown to Petticoat descending,
- ‘ And in a Beggar’s Mantle ending,

* *Demoſthenes.*

‘ Shalt

The TURTLE *and* SPARROW. 75

Shalt in a Dunghill, or a Sty,
'Midst Filth and Vermin rot and die.

The TURTLE *and* SPARROW.

A T A L E.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where Yew and Myrtle mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.
The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Be sure he did the *Turle* greet,
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles*, by-the-bye,
Can think, as well as You or I:
But how they did their Thoughts express,
The Margin shows by T. and S.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Daisies* on his Tomb.
Sing, *Philomel*, his Fun'ral Verse,
Ye pious *Redbreasts*, deck his Hearse.
Fair *Swans* extend your dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:

76 *The TURTLE and SPARROW.*

*For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

Stretch'd on the Bier, *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes :
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay ;
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play :
Ah ! cruel Fate, alas ! how soon
That Beauty and those Joys are flown !

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods :
The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
And say, *Columbo* is no more.
*Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

The *Dryads* all forsook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me stood ;
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual Flame ;
*To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

Venus disdain'd not to appear
To lend my Grief a friendly Ear ;
But what avails her Kindness now ?
She ne'er shall hear my second Vow.
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung ;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead :

For

The TURTLE and SPARROW. 77

*For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

'Tis our's to weep, great *Venus* said,
'Tis *Jove's* alone to be obey'd :
Nor Birds, nor Goddesses can move
The just Behests of fatal *Jove* :
I saw thy Mate, with sad Regret,
And curs'd the Fowler's cruel Net.
Ah ! dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well !
I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound ;
And whilst you wept, alas ! I cry'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.

*Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, green ;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone :
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night, that Grief restrain.
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
Columbo and Adonis dy'd.*

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Case,
And just thy Tears, alas ! alas !

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou
hear,
With piteous Heart, a Lover's Care ?
Come then, with me thy Sorrows join,
And ease my Woes by telling thine :
*For thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella, dead and gone.*

78 *The* TURTLE *and* SPARROW.

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs soft in Rhime,
But neither suits the Place nor Time;
The Fowler's Hand, whose cruel Care
For dear *Columbo* set the Snare;
The Snare again for thee may set,
Two Birds may perish in one Net.
Thou shou'd'st avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow shou'd to Prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die. T. It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in Woe.

S. When Widows use their canting Strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth dis-
prove,
They never tasted real Love.

S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown two golden Darts,
And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts,
Of his black Shafts let Death send one,
Alas! the pleasing Game is done;
Ill is the poor Survivor sped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
Venus said right, nor Tears can move,
Nor Complaints revoke the Will of *Jove*.

All must obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from *Alcides* to *Tom Thumb*.
Grim *Pluto* will not be withstood,
By Force or Craft. *Tall Robinhood*,

The TURTLE and SPARROW. 79

As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You see how deeply I am read)
With Fate's lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to shun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain absconded in a Flow'r.
An idle Scene *Tythonus* acted,
When to a Grasshopper contracted.
Death struck them in those Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.
For Reptiles perish, Plants decay,
Flesh is but Grass, Grass turns to Hay,
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay. }

Thus Heads extremely nice discover,
That Folks may die, some ten Times over ;
But oft by too refin'd a Touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er *Pythagoras* may say,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submission I pronounce,
That People die no more than once :
But once is sure, and Death is common
To Bird and Man, including Woman.
From the Spread *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Alas ! no mortal Fowl knows when :
All that wear Feathers, first or last,
Must one Day perch on *Charon's* Mast ;
Must lie beneath the Cypress Shade,
Where *Strada's* *Nightingale* was laid.

80 *The* TURTLE and SPARROW.

Those Fowl, who seem alive to sit,
 Assembled by *Dan Chaucer's* Wit,
 In Prose have slept three hundred Years,
 Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
 And, laid in State upon their Hearse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in Verse.
 As sure as *Lesbia's Sparrow*, I,
 Thou, sure as *Prior's Dove*, must die;
 And ne'er again, from *Lethe's* Streams,
 Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
 My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled;
I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. *Columbo* never sees your Tears,
 Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
 A Wall of Brass, and one of Lead,
 Divide the Living from the Dead.
 Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
 Of Tears beats back to Earth again;
 In t'other, the collected Sound
 Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
 'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
 What Time itself can ne'er retrieve.
 By Nature soft, I know, a *Dove*
 Can never live without her *Love*:
 Then quit this Flame, and light another;
 Dame, I advise you like a Brother.

T. What! I to make a second Choice?
 In other Nuptials to rejoice?

The TURTLE *and* SPARROW. 81

S. Why not, my Bird? T. No, Sparrow,
No;

Let me indulge my pleasing Woe :
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my Pain,
But never wish, nor love again :
Distress'd for ever, let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends, thro' all the Grove,
Contemn thy mad Excess of Love :
I tell thee, Dame, the other Day,
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,
My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled ;
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo dead and gone.—S. *Encore !*
For Shame forsake this *Bion* Stile,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Sense or Health agree,
To sit thus moping on a Tree ?
To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife ?

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours ;
Who knows, but they may influence yours ;
Example draws, where Precept fails,
And *Sermons* are less read than *Tales*.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee ; I descend :

82 *The* TURTLE *and* SPARROW.

Hop on, and talk ; but, honest Bird,
Take Care that no immodest Word
May venture to offend my Ear.—

S. Too Saint-like *Turtle*, never fear,—
By Method, Things are best discuss'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the *first* :
A handsome, senseless, awkward Fool,
Who wou'd not yield, and cou'd not rule.
Her Actions did her Charms disgrace,
And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face :
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had she ;
And, like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those Wills were chang'd with ev'ry Wind :
She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L'Assemblée, her supreme Delight ;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And, in full Health, enjoy'd the Spleen.
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And, with great Care, set all amiss :
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all God knows why :
Short was her Reign, she cough'd and dy'd.—
Proceed we to my *second Bride* :
Well born she was, genteely bred,
And buxom both at Board and Bed ;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as *Tom Southern* wisely says,
No other Fault had she in Life,
But only that she was my Wife.

O Widow Turtle! ev'ry She,
 (So Nature's Pleasure does decree)
 Appears a Goddess till enjoy'd,
 But Birds, and Men, and Gods are cloy'd.
 Was *Hercules* one Woman's Man?
 Or *Jove* for ever *Leda's* Swan?
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow* Bacon.
 Variety alone gives Joy,
 The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:
 What *Sparrow*, Dame, what *Dove* alive,
 Tho' *Venus* shou'd the Char'ot drive,
 But wou'd accuse the Harness Weight,
 If always coupled to one Mate?
 And often with the Fetter broke?
 'Tis Freedom but to change the Yoke.

T. Impious, to wish to wed again,
 E'er Death dissolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest,
 She brought me Sons, but *Jove* be blest,
 She dy'd in Child-bed on the Nest. }
 Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone;
 But must I therefore lie alone?
 What! am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
 Must I not live, because she dy'd?
 And thus I *logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a reas'ning Head)
Is this my Wife? Probatur, not;
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:

She

84 *The TURTLE and SPARROW.*

She was, *Concedo*, during Life ;
 But, is a Piece of Clay a Wife ?
 Again, if not a Wife, d'ye see,
 Why then no Kin at all to me.
 And he who gen'ral Tears can shed
 For Folks that happen to be dead,
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn
 For those, who never yet were born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But *Logic* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were just pen-feather'd ;

Some little Corn for them I gather'd ;
 And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
 So left that Brood to get another.
 And as old *Harry*, whilome, said,
 Reflecting on *Anne Boleyn* dead,
 Cocksbones, I now again do stand,
 'The jolly'st Batchelor i' th' Land.

T. Ah me ! my Joys, my Hopes are fled ;
 My first, my only Love is dead.
 With endless Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loss. *S.* Let me go on.
 As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
 I woo'd my Cousin *Philly Sparrow*,
 O' th' elder House of *Chirping-End*,
 From whence the younger Branch descend ;
 Well seated in a Field of Pease
 She liv'd, extremely at her Ease ;

But

The TURTLE *and* SPARROW. 85

But when the Honey-Moon was past,
The following Nights were soon o'ercast;
She kept her own, cou'd plead the Law,
And quarrel for a Barley-Straw:
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's Mind:
She soon grew fullen, I, hard-hearted,
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To *London*, blessed Town! I went,
She boarded at a Farm in *Kent*:
A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead;
I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
And set my Heart again to Sale.

My Fourth, a mere Coquet, or such
I thought her, nor avails it much,
If true or false, our Troubles spring
More from the Fancy than the Thing.
Two staring Horns, I often said,
But ill become a *Sparrow's* Head;
But then, to set that Balance even,
Your Cuckold *Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
The Thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilst at the Root, your Horns are sore,
The more you scratch, they ake the more.
But turn the Tables, and reflect,
All may not be, that you suspect:
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean,
Are only in Ideas seen,

'Tis

86 *The* TURTLE *and* SPARROW.

'Tis from the Inſide of the Head
 Their Branches ſhoot, their Antlers ſpread ;
 Fruitful Suſpicions often bear them,
 You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echo'd Word,
 Offends the Ear of vulgar Bird :
 But thoſe of finer Taſte have found
 There's nothing in't beſide the Sound.
 Preferment always waits on Horns,
 And Houſhold Peace the Gift adorns :
 This Way, or that, let Factions tend,
 The Spark is ſtill the Cuckold's Friend ;
 This Way, or that, let Madam roam,
 Well-pleas'd and quiet ſhe comes home.
 Now weigh the Pleaſure with the Pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, Loſs and Gain ;
 And what *La Fontaine* laughing ſays,
 Is ſerious Truth in ſuch a Caſe ;
 Who flights the Evil, finds it leaſt,
 And who does nothing, does the beſt.
 I never ſtrove to rule the Roaſt,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toaſt :
 In Viſits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I ſeem'd obliging, ſhe diſcreet ;
 We neither much careſs'd nor ſtrove,
 But good Diſſembling paſs'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,
 'Tis only Light itſelf can ſhow :
 Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish Bird,
A Moment's Patience ; in one Word,
The three kind Sisters broke the Chain,
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me, with juster Grief, deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more ;
Let me, with constant Tears, bewail——

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My Fifth she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life !
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, To-day ; To-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the Brook,
I kept a Miss ; an honest *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it those, who told it her.
One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me strolling in the Dark ;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
Wou'd, on their corp'ral Oath, alledge
I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating, but renews our Grief)
As once she watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul ! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
The Fever came, and then the Pip :
Death did the only Cure apply ;
She was at Quiet, so was I.

86 *The TURTLE and SPARROW.*

'Tis from the Inside of the Head
 Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread ;
 Fruitful Suspicions often bear them,
 You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that echo'd Word,
 Offends the Ear of vulgar Bird :
 But those of finer Taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the Sound.
 Preferment always waits on Horns,
 And Household Peace the Gift adorns :
 This Way, or that, let Factions tend,
 The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend ;
 This Way, or that, let Madam roam,
 Well-pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, Loss and Gain ;
 And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,
 Is serious Truth in such a Case ;
 Who flights the Evil, finds it least,
 And who does nothing, does the best.
 I never strove to rule the Roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast :
 In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet ;
 We neither much carefs'd nor strove,
 But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,
 'Tis only Light itself can show :
 Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish Bird,
A Moment's Patience ; in one Word,
The three kind Sisters broke the Chain,
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me, with juster Grief, deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more ;
Let me, with constant Tears, bewail——

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My Fifth she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life !
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, To-day ; To-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the Brook,
I kept a Miss ; an honest *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it those, who told it her.
One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me strolling in the Dark ;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
Wou'd, on their corp'ral Oath, alledge
I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating, but renews our Grief)
As once she watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul ! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
The Fever came, and then the Pip :
Death did the only Cure apply ;
She was at Quiet, so was I.

88 *The TURTLE and SPARROW.*

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd, these Changes
view ?

His Sorrows, as his Joys, are true.

S. My dearest *Dove*, one wise Man says,
Alluding to our present Case,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow ;
Then what avails superfl'ous Sorrow ?
Another, full as wise as he,
Adds, that a marry'd Man may see
Two happy Hours ; and which are they ?
The First and Last, perhaps you'll say ;
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to Bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead :
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland or of Lead.

Now cur'd of *Hymen's* Hopes and Fears,
And sliding down the Vale of Years,
I hop'd to fix my future Rest,
And took a Widow to my Nest.
Ah *Turtle* ! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle ! wife, yet free !
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A Witch ingrafted on a Scold :
Jove, in *Pandora's* Box, confin'd
An hundred Ills to vex Mankind ;
To vex one Bird, in her Bandore,
He hid at least a Hundred more :
And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,
The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew ;

Her

Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
And native Tempests arm'd her Eye ;
Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
We, Young or Old, or Cock or Hen,
All liv'd in *Æolus's* Den ;
The nearest her, the more accurst,
Ill far'd her Friends, her Husband worst.
But *Jove*, amidst his Anger spares,
Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
In short, she dy'd. Why then, she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Wou'd Heav'n this mourning Year was past !
One may have better Luck at last.
Matters, at worst, are sure to mend,
The Devil's Wife was but a Fiend.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,
Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,
Dar'st thou defile these sacred Groves,
These silent Seats of faithful Loves ?
Be gone, with flagging Wings sit down
On some old Pent-house near the Town ;
In Brewers Stables peck thy Grain,
Then wash it down with puddled Rain :
And hear thy dirty Offspring squall
From Bottles, on a Suburb-Wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile Bird ! thou hast convers'd with Men ;
Notions, like these, from Men are given,
Those vilest Creatures under Heaven.

90 *FELIX and CONSTANCE.*

To Cities and to Courts repair,
Flatt'ry and Falshood flourish there :
There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
Where Riches triumph over *Joy* ;
Where Passions do with Int'rest barter,
And *Hymen* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter ;
Where Truth, by Point of Law, is parry'd,
And Knaves and Prudes are six Times marry'd.

FELIX and CONSTANCE.

A T A L E.

By Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.

BLown on the rolling Surface of the Deep,
The mourning Maid at length reclines to
Sleep ;

While conscious Visions labour in her Breast,
And airy Spectres discompose her Rest.
Sometimes she seems upon her native Shore,
Bless'd with the beauteous Youth, as heretofore ;
Hears him converse, while from his tuneful
Tongue

Melodious Sense, in melting Music, rung :
Sometimes she finds, or seems at least to find,
His shatter'd Vessel forc'd before the Wind,
With

With foaming Waves, and furious Tempests tost,
The Mast, and broken Sails, and Sailors lost :
Sometimes her Dream, in frightful Forms, display'd

A Croud of Martyrs, cruel Love had made ;
Lamenting *Thyſbe's* Shade before her stands,
Shews her capacious Wound, and purple Hands ;
Now lyric *Sappho* in the Tide expires,
Now faithful *Porcia* eats the living Fires.

At length awaking from her Dream, ſhe hears
A *Latian* Voice, which thus ſalutes her Ears :

Unhappy *Chriſtian* Maid ! (for ſuch, at leaſt,
You, by your decent Habit, ſeem expreſt)
Say, whence you came, and hither how convey'd,

Expos'd to Sea, without the Seaman's Aid ?

Soon as the Nymph her native Language hears,
Her frighted Soul was fill'd with Doubts and Fears :
She thought, the adverſe Wind, or refluent Main,
Had forc'd her back to *Liparis* again ;

Till, ſtarting up, a ſpacious Land ſhe ſpies ;
Barbarian Caves and Cots her Sight ſurprize :
She ſees a Matron on the neighb'ring Strand ;
Nor knows the Matron, nor the neigh'ring Land.

O ! whither, whither am I blown ? ſhe cries ;
What Dens and Caves appear before my Eyes ?
And who inhabit 'em ? or Beaſts of Prey,
Or Men, leſs kind, and crueller than they ?

To whom the Matron : Fly, nor dare to truſt
The faithleſs People of this hated Coaſt :

Here

Here Sailors oft their hapless Fate deplore ;
 Who 'scape the Seas, are wreck'd upon the Shore :
 For, when the forceful Wind, and foaming Deep,
 To this inhuman Coast impel the Ship ;
 Around the Beach the rude Barbarians stray,
 Destroy the Mariners, and seize their Prey ;
 By others Death, they keep themselves alive,
 Subsist by Rapine, and by Ruin thrive.

Unhappy Fate ! the mourning Nymph re-
 ply'd ;

O ! had I perish'd in the safer Tide !
 For much I fear, the Land I now survey,
 Dooms me to greater Evils, than the Sea :
 And yet what greater Ills can Fate provide,
 Than thus to seek for Death, and be deny'd ?
 Not so my *Felix* 'scap'd the raging Waves ;
 Him *Neptune* sunk, and me unkindly saves ;
 Saves, only to increase my former Woes ;
 To fall, perhaps, by more ungen'rous Foes,
 Or to indulge some lustful Tyrant's Will :
 But, O ye Heav'ns ! avert the fatal Ill ;
 Protect my Honour in this foreign Coast,
 The only Blessing which I have not lost !

The list'ning Matron wonders with Surprise ;
 Nor hears, unmov'd, the weeping Damsel's Cries :
 But leads her to her neighb'ring Cottage, where
 She cheers her fainting Soul with homely Fare ;
 Condoles her Grief, and begs her to disclose
 Her Country, Cares, and Cause of all her Woes.

Excited

Excited by her Words, the pensive Maid
Preludes with Sighs, and thus, reluctant, said :

O hospitable Dame ! why would you move
A Wretch to tell a Tale of hapless Love ?
Which, in relating, must renew my Grief ;
Nor can I hope, nor you bestow Relief :
Yet, since you seem a Partner of my Care,
'Tis just a Partner know the Weight I bear.

Not far from *Ætna's* flaming Mount I came,
From *Liparis*, and *Constance* is my Name :
Great Honours and Estates my Sire possessest,
And, O ! too much to make his Daughter blest'd.
I once with Fame and Fortune was supply'd,
Nor envy'd Empreßes their Pomp and Pride ;
Now, like a Meteor, fallen from its Height,
My Glory's vanish'd, and extinct my Light —
Full twenty Years in Happiness I pass'd,
And ev'ry Year was happier than the last.

Young *Felix* then his Love began to shew ;
(Young *Felix* was the Cause of all my Woe)
A beauteous Youth, endow'd with manly Grace ;
But far his noble Soul excell'd his Face :
And, tho' his niggard Fate had Wealth deny'd,
The Want of Wealth by Virtue was supply'd.
Two Years to win my doubtful Heart he strove,
Two Years my doubtful Heart declin'd his Love :
Yet still he press'd me with his am'rous Tale,
Nor found at length, 'twas fruitless to assail :
For, by Degrees, insensibly I came
To first approve, and then indulge, his Flame ;

Nor

94 FELIX and CONSTANCE.

Nor could his Suit, nor would his Vows reprove;
 I heard with Joy, nor thought it Sin to Love;
 Till in my Breast imperious *Cupid* reign'd:
 Alas! how easy *Love* a Conquest gain'd!
 And now my Reason check'd my Will no more;
 But fed the Flame, it strove to quench before:
 Yet durst not an immodest Thought approve;
Love rul'd my *Heart*, but *Honour* rul'd my *Love*:
 I scorn'd to stain my Virtue with a King;
 As much my Lover scorn'd so mean a Thing.
 What could we do? What cannot *Love* inspire?
 The Youth reveals his Passion to my Sire;
 And in such melting Accents made it known,
 As might have mov'd all Fathers, but my own:
 But proudly he my Lover's Suit repell'd;
 And, frowning, thus our mutual Ruin seal'd:

No more, presumptuous Youth! thy Passion
 name;

Suppress the Sparks, before they rise to Flame.
 How dar'st thou, vulgar Wretch, ignobly born,
 My Daughter's Scandal, and her Father's Scorn!
 Aspire to wed so far above thy Fate?
 He sternly said, and forc'd him from his Gate.

O *Avarice*! what Evils dost thou cause,
 Breaking the Bands of Love, and Nature's Laws?
 Go, hungry God! and rule the narrow-soul'd;
 Collect, and guard their curst, bewitching Gold;
 Fit Province for thy Reign! too mean to prove
 The Charms of Nuptial Life, and Joys of Love!
 Ah!

Ah! what avails to gain a pompous Name,
 With boasted Titles of paternal Fame,
 Deriv'd from Ancestors of noble Blood?
 Things common to the Vicious and the Proud!
 Refulgent Equipage, and gaudy Shows,
 Fictitious Ornaments of real Woes!
 If Love be absent, Pomp and worldly Gain
 But gild our Cares, and varnish o'er our Pain.
 O! had my cruel Father thought like me,
 I ne'er had prov'd the Dangers of the Sea,
 Nor ever wander'd here a banish'd Maid;
 And, O dear *Felix*! thou hadst not been dead!

So speaks the trembling Nymph; and while
 she speaks,

The pearly Torrents stream adown her Cheeks;
 Cold clammy Sweats, and throbbing Sighs arise,
 Slow move the Blood, and dizzy roll her Eyes;
 So much affected with her Lover's Fate,
 She struggled, groan'd, and fainted from her Seat.
 Her Hostess straight a grateful Cordial sought,
 And to her Lips applies the chearful Draught,
 Washing her Temples with reviving Oil;
 The vital Spirits answer to her Toil;
 The purple Tide begins to roll again,
 Again diffuses Life thro' ev'ry Vein:
 And now she sighing, rais'd her drooping Head;
 And, is my Death, she cries, again delay'd?
 Why did you check me on the Brink of Fate?
 Better the Soul had fled her loathsome Seat.

Death

96 FELIX and CONSTANCE.

Death is the only Good I wish to know,
End of my Pain, and Period of my Woe.

To whom replies the Dame: Unhappy Fair!
Rely on Heaven, nor let your Soul despair:
Teach me to give your troubled Heart Relief;
Or teach me how, at least, to share your Grief:
Your mournful Story much affects my Mind,
Yet something seems remaining still behind.

O! much, *Constantia* says, remains to come,
The fatal Part that finishes my Doom:
For, when my *Felix*, *Felix* (now no more!)
Was banish'd from my haughty Father's Door,
Not able to obtain me for his Bride,
Nor willing to resign me, tho' deny'd;
Hope, from Despair, his daring Soul conceives;
A Bark he builds, to plough the briny Waves:
Then call'd a few Domestics to his Aid,
Embrac'd me in his Arms, and sighing, said:

O Thou, for ever dear, for ever blest,
At once the Joy, and Trouble of my Breast!
Since Poverty expels me from thy Arms,
Since Wealth alone is worthy of thy Charms;
I swear by all the mighty Powers above,
(Sad Fate, that drives me from the Nymph I
love!)

To try my Fortune on remoter Shores,
And seek the Gold, thy Sire so much adores.
Perhaps the Planets, unpropitious here,
In other Climes may kinder Aspects wear;

May

May lead me where the rocky Di'monds lie,
 Or where the golden Mine may Wealth supply; }
 If not, the last sad Pleasure is to die.

Such was the fatal Vow he rashly made;
 A fatal Vow, and fatally obey'd!
 Struck dumb, my Tears the Want of Words
 supply'd;

His, mixt with mine, increas'd the pearly Tide:
 Yet, lest I should his Resolution shake,
 He rush'd away, and mounted on the Deck:
 His hasty Crew expand the swelling Sails,
 Strong rolls the Sea before impulsive Gales;
 The crooked Keel the frothy Flood divides,
 Swift flies the Ship, and rushes thro' the Tides.

My Lover long my gazing Eyes pursue;
 As long my Lover kept me in his View:
 Reluctant so, departing Souls prepare,
 To wing their doubtful Flight, they know not
 where;

Reluctant so, expiring Bodies lie,
 Nor willing these to stay, nor those to fly.

Twice twenty Days I spent in fruitless Tears,
 Before the fatal Tidings reach'd my Ears;
 How *Felix*, sailing o'er the wat'ry Way,
 Was wreck'd on Rocks, and perish'd in the Sea.
 O! then what Trouble, Grief, and anxious Care,
 Confus'd my Soul, and bent me to Despair!
 I curs'd the Cause that forc'd him to expire;
 O Heav'n! forgive me, if I curs'd my Sire:

98 FELIX and CONSTANCE.

I fled his House, and sought the lonely Grove,
 (The gloomy Witness of my former *Love*.)
 Where, once resolv'd to seek the Shades below,
 I drew the Knife, to strike the mortal Blow ;
 Till Piety the cruel Thought suppress'd,
 And check'd the *Roman* Courage of my Breast :
 I trembling saw two doubtful Paths ; nor knew,
 Which Path was best to shun, or which pursue ;
 Opposing Passions in my Bosom strove,
 And *Conscience* now prevail'd, and now my *Love*.

As when the Wind and Tide a Contest make,
 The Sailor, trembling, sees his Vessel shake ;
 This Way, and that, and both, by Turns reclin'd,
 As swells the Surge, or blows the furious Wind :
 So was my Soul with diff'rent Notions sway'd,
 Of this, of that, of both, and all afraid.

Ah ! why should Mortals of their *Reason* boast,
 Which most deserts 'em, when they want it most ?
 For, when the troubled Mind's confus'd with
 Pain,

'Tis but an *Ignis Fatuus* of the Brain ;
 Which, if our wand'ring Souls from *Virtue* stray,
 But leads us more and more from *Virtue's* Way :
 So led it me to stem the devious Tide,
 And seek for Death, where wretched *Felix* dy'd.

Not distant far, a fishing Vessel stood,
 Nor wholly on the Land, nor in the Flood :
 Arriv'd to this, I row'd it from the Shore ;
 And, bent on Death, the Tide I now explore ;
 Expecting,

Expecting, soon, the friendly-furious Wave
 Would give my Troubles and myself a Grave.
 But, when I saw the Billows round me flow,
 The boundless Skies above, and Seas below;
 Scar'd with the Terrors of the watry Space,
 I wrapt my Mantle round my tim'rous Face:
 Then lay me down, to all the Dangers blind;
Chance was my *Compass*, and my *Pilot*, *Wind*.
 Blown here and there, I floated on the Deep,
 Which rock'd my Eyes, but not my Fears, asleep:
 For now my dreaming Soul, in Fancy's Maze,
 A thousand tragic airy Ghosts surveys;
 Which flutter'd round me, and reproaching,

said;

Die, Coward! follow *Felix* to the Shade:
 Why wouldst thou wish to live, now he is
 dead?

But when, at length, your friendly Voice I heard,
 My Visions ceas'd, the Spectres disappear'd.
 Thus have I told, but can't dispel my Care;
 For who can conquer *Love*, or cure *Despair*?

Thus she; and thus *Capresa* spake again:
 (So was she call'd, who wak'd her on the Main)
 Unhappy Nymph! compose your troubled Mind,
 Nor doubt the gracious Guide of human Kind:
 That God, who sav'd you from the foamy Wave,
 Will doubtless guard the Life, he deign'd to save.
 Vouchsafe to take the Counsel I can lend:
 At *Susa* Heav'n has blest'd me with a Friend,

100 *FELIX and CONSTANCE.*

Much fam'd for Wealth, for pious Actions more ;
 No Husband, and no Children, but the Poor :
 Let me conduct you to her friendly Gate ;
 (Too small my Cottage for a Guest so great :)
 She will protect you from Barbarian Foes,
 With prudent Counsel mitigate your Woes, }
 And charm your ruffled Soul to soft Repose. }

Blest Partner of my Grief ! the Damsel said,
 Some Angel surely sent you to my Aid ;
 For now some dawning Rays of Hope appear,
 That chase away the Clouds of dark Despair.
 This Pause of Pain, and Interval of Grace,
 Shall be employ'd in Search of future Peace.
 Then guide and guard me to your noble Friend ;
 So may you never want this Aid you lend !
 And, as we travel, deign to let me know,
 To whom so many Thanks I justly owe ;
 What hapless Fortune cast you on this Land,
 What Occupation here employs your Hand.
 Sweet Conversation may suspend my Care,
 Dispel my Grief, or make it less severe :
 So shall I easier reach the neighb'ring Town ;
 And, list'ning to your Fate, forget my own.

Thus she ; and thus the pensive Dame replies :
 (With briny Drops distilling from her Eyes)
 Fain would I, lovely Nymph ! suspend your Care,
 Dispel your Grief, or make it less severe :
 But, were I all my Fortune to explain,
 'T would not alleviate, but increase your Pain ;
For

For in your Soul such Sparks of Nature glow,
 As make you share your Neighbour's Joy or
 Woe.

The *Christian* Faith I secretly embrace,
 Tho' doom'd to dwell among a *Pagan* Race :
Trepanum wasted all my Bloom of Life,
 Where long I liv'd, a Farmer's happy Wife :
 My careful, loving Husband till'd the Soil,
 Nor was the Field ungrateful to his Toil :
 For, ev'ry *Summer*, *Ceres* crown'd the Plain ;
 Each *Autumn*, fill'd the Barn with golden Grain :
 So thick the verdant Harvest yearly stood,
 The Meadows seem'd to groan beneath their
 Load,

Our fleecy Flocks were fruitful of their Young,
 Hail were our Oxen, and our Horses strong ;
 Nor did our Kine of milky Produce fail,
 But from distended Udders fill'd the Pail.
 'Twas, then, alas ! how often have I cry'd,
 I would not wish to be a Monarch's Bride !
 When all around my little Infants came,
 Hung on my Knees, and lisp'd their Mother's
 Name ;

Or met their Father with the Ev'ning Ray,
 Embrac'd his Neck, and kiss'd his Cares away.
 Soon as their riper Age could Labour bear,
 We sent 'em forth to feed the fleecy Care ;
 Where often have we spent the *Summer's* Day,
 Charm'd to behold the wanton Cattle's Play.

What Pleasure 'twas to see the skipping Lambs?
 What Music when they bleated for their Dams?
 We thought our Joys could never be increas'd;
 Love, Peace, and Plenty join'd to make us
 blefs'd.

But see how *Fortune* holds her fickle Reign!
 She raises up, to tumble down again:
 For now our Thread of Happiness was spun;
 The Gains of twenty Years were lost in one.
 'Twas in the Season, when the verdant Mead
 Begins to ask the Mower's crooked Blade;
 Before the Wheat receives a yellow Stain,
 Or milky Juice is harden'd into Grain;
 A Gale of Poison baleful *Eurus* cast;
 The vernal Product sicken'd with the Blast;
 Our Meadows straight a Saffron Scene disclose,
 Our infant Apples quit the blighted Boughs;
 Pease, Wheat, and Barley, wither'd in the Fields,
 And Nature one abortive Harvest yields:
 Nor stopt it here, the flying Plague began
 To spread the Bane in Beasts, and thence to
 Man:

First dy'd our Sheep upon the russet Plain,
 Next swell'd our Oxen with a fatal Blain;
 Here tumbles, o'er her Meat, the moping Cow;
 There drops the panting Horse before the Plough:
 At length the dire Contagion spread so wide,
 My virgin Children made the Tomb their Bride.
 This Nature bore—But, when our Landlord sent
 His Officers to seize my Lord for Rent;

And

And he, to shun the Prison, flies the Shore,
 Lifts on the Sea, to tug the lab'ring Oar,
 I wept, I rav'd, I curs'd the baleful Air,
 And fled my native Land, but not my Care.
 Thus banish'd here, a Widow, and a Wife,
 Condemn'd to suffer, not enjoy a Life;
 I toil for those, who catch the finny Prey;
 The Toils are great, but very small the Pay!
 Their scaly Fry to Market oft I bear,
 Oft in the Ocean wash their thready Snare;
 And then was washing, when, with great Sur-
 prize,

You, and your floating Vessel, met my Eyes.

Now Heav'n defend us both, the Nymph re-
 ply'd;

And can such Rage in *Christian* Minds reside?
 What, could the curst, inhuman Tyrant wrest
 Thy tender Husband from thy loving Breast,
 When all thy Wealth was lost, thy Children dead?
 O *Virtue!* *Virtue!* whither art thou fled?
 Why must such Evils on the Guiltless flow?
 Ye Heav'ns! is Innocence rewarded so?

So spake the Nymph; her Friend no more
 replies;

For now *Priscilla's* Dome attracts their Eyes:
 Approaching to her friendly Gate, they found
 The gen'rous Lady dealing Alms around
 To needy Souls, a hapless, helpless Crowd,
 Who daily bless'd her Hand for daily Food!

104 FELIX and CONSTANCE.

When thus *Capresa* : Hail, for ever blest'd !
 'Tis Godlike thus to succour the Distress'd :
 Yet none of these, who claim your *Christian* Aid,
 Deserves it more than this unhappy Maid ;
 Who once was blest'd with Fame and Riches too,
 Tho' fickle Fortune now is turn'd her Foe ;
 Unlike the Mendicants, who daily share
 Your friendly Bounty, and maternal Care.

To whom the Lady, with a gracious Look,
 That seem'd to breathe Compassion, while she
 spoke :

Sure Decency forbids, a Guest so great
 Should, undistinguish'd, with the Vulgar eat.
 No ; deck my Table with the choicest Fare ;
 The Nymph, with me, a kind Repast shall share :
 For, by her Looks, if Truth may be divin'd,
 That lovely Body clothes a lovely Mind.

She said, and *Constance* low Obeisance made ;
 Then gladly follow'd, where *Priscilla* led.
 Within the Gate a spacious Room she found,
 Whose Walls were beautify'd with Tap'stry
 round ;

Where pious Tales appear'd, so lively wrought,
 The Work seem'd vital, and the Figures Thought.
 Here, in the Shade, the *Jewish* Patriarch stood,
 Feasting the Sons of Heav'n with earthly Food ;
 While, there, the good *Samaritan* confest
 His Kindness, and reproach'd the cruel Priest :
 With many more, a charitable Band,
 The skilful Labour of *Priscilla's* Hand.

Hither

Hither the Dame convey'd a sweet Repast ;
 Rich Meats, and rosy Wines, the Table grac'd :
 They eat, they drank, in pleasing Converse
 join'd ;

And cheer'd at once the Body and the Mind.
 The Call of Nature being soon suppress'd,
 Thus spake the Lady to her youthful Guest :

Say, lovely Stranger ! (for I long to know,
 So may propitious Heav'n remove thy Woe !)
 Whence thus reduc'd ? By Famine, Sword, or
 Fire ?

What Sire thy Beauty boasts, what Land thy Sire ?
 Perhaps some Princess, banish'd from her Home,
 Thus condescends to grace my rustic Dome :
 If so, I greatly fear, my homely Feast
 Has been unworthy of my Royal Guest.

She said, the Nymph unfolds her Tale again;
 The prudent Dame attempts to sooth her Pain,
 And thus reply'd: Tho' weighty are your Woes,
 The weightiest Ill, with Patience, lighter grows:
 Then bear with Patience all that Heaven de-
 sign'd,

Whose Ways are just, tho' difficult to find,
 Plann'd for the gen'ral Good of Human Kind.
 God's Paths in winding Mazes often lie,
 Too intricate for feeble Reason's Eye ;
 Most regular, when in Confusion lost ;
 Most constant, when they seem to vary most.
 Perhaps his Mercy forc'd you thus to roam,
 To shun a more unhappy Fate at Home ;

For with one Evil he removes a worse,
 And blesses oft with what we think a Curse.
 Then let your Soul at Fortune not repine ;
 But trust in Heav'n's Protection, next in mine :
 In me you still shall find a faithful Friend,
 With whom, in Time, your Troubles all may
 end :

But since you now are harrafs'd out with Woes,
 Refresh your weary Soul with sweet Repose ;
 And when you wake, at Morning, may you find
 Heav'n's balmy Comfort heal your wounded
 Mind !

Thus chear'd, the Nymph obsequiously with-
 drew,

And bath'd her Cares in Sleep's refreshing Dew ;
 Till *Phœbus*, rising from the Shades of Night,
 With rosy Keys, unlock'd the Gates of Light :
 Bright as his Beams, arose the beauteous Maid ;
 And, to her Patroness returning, said :

What 'Thanks, propitious Lady ! shall I give
 For all the Godlike Bounties I receive ?

O ! let my *Silence* thank you ; for I know,
Words can't express the Gratitude I owe.

To whom replies the venerable Dame :
 No other Thanks, but Gratitude, I claim :
 The Terms of Charity are never hard,
 Love and Compassion are their own Reward.
 A Soul that succours Virtue, when distressed,
 Can with Reflection make a noble Feast ;

Which

Which nourishes the Mind, and overpays
A gen'rous Deed with self-approving Praise.

Such was their Converse, till domestic Care
Invites *Priscilla* from the youthful Fair ;
Who sat in pensive Solitude, and strove
To soften or suspend the Pains of Love.
At length the Linen on her Knee she spread,
And, with her Needle, mark'd the docile Thread.
Young *Thiſbe*'s Fate she first began to frame ;
But soon commits her Labour to the Flame :
Next drew she *Hero* sinking in the Main,
Then raz'd the finish'd Image out again.
Both these displeas'd her, tho' judicious Art,
And Rays of Nature shone in ev'ry Part.
At length her own unhappy Tale she chose,
And lively paints the Scene of all her Woes :
Her charming *Felix* first the Linen grac'd ;
By whom her Father, frowning stern, she plac'd:
Her Lover's Parting next to these appears,
(But, weeping here, she soil'd her Work with
Tears)

Next, on the Seas, she drew his floating Ship ;
Next, her own Boat, slow wand'ring on the
Deep :

By these she fix'd *Caprefa* on the Strand,
Who wak'd her first, and welcom'd her to Land.
The good *Priscilla* last employ'd her Art,
Whose Aspect spoke the Bounty of her Heart ;

Her

But summon'd all, to meet the daring Foe,
Whose Strength could wield a Sword, or bend
a Bow ;

And promis'd to reward their martial Care
With Honours, equal to their Deeds in War.

Now rings the Region with the Foe's Alarms,
Terrific shines the Field with burnish'd Arms ;
The martial Trumpet, sounding from afar,
With dreadful Notes, proclaims approaching
War.

The Royal Army, valiant *Felix* join'd,
Intrepid Courage animates his Mind :
Fix'd in the Front, the Foe he bravely dares,
Like *Pallas* prudent, and as bold as *Mars*.
Say, Muse, What Goddess, that tremendous
Hour,

Aided the Youth with such unusual Pow'r ?
Bright *Venus*, conscious of the Lover's Smart,
Sharpen'd his Sword, and pointed ev'ry Dart.
Fierce, as a Lion, thro' the Lines he sprung ;
And forc'd his Foes, like trembling Stags, a-
long.

As when resistless Winds rush o'er the Deep,
And, from its Anchor, force the driving Ship ;
Or furiously against the Woodland roar ;
The leafy Harvest, tumbling, flies before :
So rush'd the Hero on the adverse Band,
So fled the Legions from his pow'rful Hand ;
Till soon the Rebel Lord he Pris'ner made,
And to the King his captive Prize convey'd.

Now

110 *FELIX and CONSTANCE.*

Now reaps the Youth the Glory of his Toil ;
To him the Monarch gives the martial Spoil ;
Rewards his Valour with a noble Post,
And makes him First Commander of his Host.
Thus quickly *Felix* gain'd a deathless Name ;
Thus was his Labour crown'd with Wealth and
Fame.

But Wealth and Fame insipid Things appear ;
To give them Taste, he wants the lovely Fair :
The lovely Fair, oppress'd with equal Grief,
To make her happy, wants the glorious Chief.

His Fame, which soon at *Susa* was reveal'd,
(Heroic Actions seldom lie conceal'd)
With pleasing Wonder struck *Constantia's* Ears,
And fill'd her doubtful Soul with Hopes and
Fears :

For, tho' the wise *Priscilla* often strove,
With prudent Counsel, to suppress her Love ;
Her Love was only lessen'd, not suppress'd,
But glows again, again distracts her Breast.

As when, in rural Cots, the Flames aspire,
And lab'ring Peasants quench the mounting
Fire ;

If Chance a latent Spark remain behind,
In heapy Ashes, fann'd with ambient Wind ;
The Fires again, with former Fury, rise,
Flame thro' the Roof, and flash into the Skies :
So in her Bosom glows the am'rous Fire,
And fills her tender Soul with soft Desire.

And

FELIX and CONSTANCE. 111

And is my *Felix* yet alive? she says; ¹
And is he crown'd with Wealth, and deathless
Praise?

No, no; I fear the flatt'ring Tale deceives;
Methinks I see him plunging in the Waves.
Ah! why, ye Heav'ns, are feeble Mortals curst,
In Things uncertain, to believe the worst?
No; rather let me see the *Thunic* Court;
There, with my Eyes, confirm the blest Report:
Hope flies before, and points the pleasing Way;
Love urges on, and *Love* I must obey.

So saying, to *Priscilla* straight she came,
And, with her Thoughts, acquaints the pious
Dame:

The pious Dame, with tender Pity sway'd,
Approves the Passion of the loving Maid;
And, with *Capresa*, guards her to the Place,
Resolv'd herself to view the Hero's Face.
The Hero meets 'em at the Regal Gate,
Array'd in Armour, formidably great;
For, on that Morning, by the King's Command,
The Chief was to review the martial Band:
His studded Chariot darted Splendor round,
His stately Courfers, neighing, paw'd the
Ground;

The nodding Plumes around his Temples wave,
With awful Grace, and beautifully brave.
He knew th' approaching Nymph; but, in Sur-
prize,

The joyous Stream descended from his Eyes:
The

The Nymph beheld the weeping Chief; nor
knew,

For what he wept, nor whom she came to view :
His martial Dress, bespangled o'er with Gold,
The dreadful *Warrior*, not the *Lover*, told.

But when he cast the Helmet from his Head,
And thro' the Gates the blushing Damsel led ;
She knew her Lover, clasp'd him to her Breast,
While silent Eloquence her Joy confest :

The conscious Pains an absent Lover bears,
Despair, fallacious *Hope*, and anxious *Fears*,
For Want of Words, were painted with
their Tears. }

And when, at length, their crystal Sluices ceas'd,
The joyful Hero thus the Nymph address'd :

Ye Gods ! and have I then my Charmer
found ?

And are my Labours thus completely crown'd ?
Yes ! let me clasp thee to my longing Arms,
Drink in thy Breath, and feed upon thy Charms.
As widow'd Turtles, roving round the Fields,
Thro' all the fruitful Stores, which Nature yields,
Curst in the midst of Plenty, cannot eat ;
But starve, lamenting for their absent Mate :
Thus have I been with Fame and Riches grac'd ;
Yet wanted thee to give my Riches Taste.
But say, how came this Wealth I wanted most ?
What brought my Love to this Barbarian Coast ?

He said ; and now the joyful Damsel spake
The Dangers which she suffer'd for his Sake ;
Shews

Shews him the Dame, who found her on the
Tide;

Priscilla too, who all her Wants supply'd:
Then, prostrate, on her Knees before him bends,
And begs him to reward her faithful Friends.
The grateful Chief, by native Goodness sway'd,
Embrac'd 'em both, and soon the Nymph obey'd;
But first before his Royal Master came,
And begs he may resign his Post of Fame:
At which the Monarch frowns with awful Eyes;
Till *Felix* straight, who saw his Passion rise,
Falls on the Ground, and to his Master shows
The various Scene of all his am'rous Woes.
This heard, the King resumes his former Grace;
Love tun'd his Soul, and smooth'd his ruffled
Face:

He rais'd the Hero, bids the Nymph appear;
The Nymph approach'd him with a modest Fear;
Before his awful Throne, submits, she fell,
And to him straight unfolds th' amazing Tale.
Mute, on the Ground, a-while he fix'd his Eyes;
Then, Is the Force of Love so great? he cries:
We falsely *Man* the World's Commander call;
Thou, mightier Monarch, *Love!* commandest
All:

Young *Ammon*'s Self cou'd not thy Pow'r confine;
The *World* his Subject was, but *He* was thine.

Then, smiling, thus he chear'd the trembling
Fair;

Henceforward, lovely Nymph, dismiss thy Care:
For

114 FELIX and CONSTANCE.

For since thy Love has conquer'd Wind and Sea,
Curst be the King, that's crueller than they !
Let *Hymen* straight confirm the Marriage Ties ;
Thou justly hast deserv'd the nuptial Prize.

This said, he crown'd the Hero's martial Care,
With Riches far superior to the Fair :
Due Thanks return'd, they to *Priscilla* came,
Bestowing Gifts and Honours on the Dame.
Capresa next, with Age and Labour worn,
In comely Robes the grateful Pair adorn ;
With ample Wealth her former Bliss restor'd,
And from the Seas redeem'd her nuptial Lord :
Her nuptial Lord again enjoys his Wife,
Again delightful Freedom crowns his Life ;
Till *Nature* calls him to resign his Breath,
In honourable Age, and peaceful Death.

This done, the loving Couple quit the Shore,
And joyfully the destin'd Port explore ;
While sportive *Nereids* round their Vessel play,
And wanton *Cupids* hail them on their Way :
Rough *Thetis*' Self assumes a pleasing Smile,
Glad to return them to their native Soil ;
Where sacred *Hymen* join'd their mutual Hands,
And Heav'n, indulgent, blest'd their nuptial
Bands.

The EXPERIMENT.

A TALE.

By Mr. GREVILLE.

Virtue and Vice, two mighty Pow'rs,
 Who rule this motley World of ours,
 Disputed once which govern'd best,
 And whose Dependants most were blest.
 They reason'd, rally'd, crack'd their Jokes,
 Succeeding much like other Folks.
 Their Logic wasted, and their Wit,
 Nor one nor t'other wou'd submit;
 But both the doubtful Point consent
 To clear, by fair Experiment:
 For this some Mortal, they declare,
 By Turns shall both their Bounty share,
 And either's Pow'r to bless him try'd,
 Shall then the long Dispute decide.

On *Hodge* they fix, a Country Boor,
 As yet rough, ign'rant, careless, poor—
Vice first exerts her Pow'r to bless,
 And gives him *Riches* in Excess,
 With Gold she taught him to supply
 Each rising Wish of *Luxury*:
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
 And liv'd like Minister of State;

He

He swore with Grace, got nobly drunk,
And kept in Pomp his twentieth Punk.

One Morning, as in easy Chair
Hodge sat, with ruminating Air,
Vice, like a Lady, fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was heard to say—
(Behind her *Virtue*, all the while,
Stood slyly list'ning with a Smile)
' Know, favour'd Mortal, know that I
' The Pleasures of thy Life supply;
' I rais'd thee from the Clay-built Cell,
' Where *Want*, *Contempt*, and *Slav'ry* dwell;
' And, as each Joy on Earth is sold,
' To purchase *all*, I gave thee Gold:
' This made the Charms of *Beauty* thine,
' This bless'd thee with the Joys of *Wine*;
' This gave thee, in the rich *Repast*,
' Whate'er can please the *tutor'd* Taste.
' Confess the Blessings I bestow,
' And pay the grateful Thanks you owe;
' My Name is *Vice*.'—Cry'd *Hodge* (and sneer'd)
' Long be your mighty Name rever'd!
' Forbid it, Heav'n! thus blest by you,
' That I shou'd rob you of your Due——
' To *Wealth*, 'twas you that made me Heir,
' And gave, for which I thank you, *Care*;
' Wealth brought me *Wine*, 'tis past a Doubt,
' And *Wine*, see here's a Leg! the *Gout*.
' To *Wealth* I owe my *French Ragou*,
' And that each Morn and Night—I *spew*.

This

‘ This *Beauty* brought, and, with the Dame,
‘ The *Pox*, a blest Companion ! came.
‘ And now to shew how much I prize
‘ The Joys, which from your Bounty rise,
‘ Each coupled with so dear a Brother,
‘ I’ll give you *one* to take the *other*.—
‘ Avaunt, depart from whence you came,
‘ And thank your Stars that I am lame.’

Enrag’d and griev’d, away she flew,
And all her Gifts from *Hodge* withdrew.

Now, in his sad repentant Hour,
Celestial *Virtue* try’d her Pow’r ;
For *Wealth*, *Content* the Goddess gave,
Th’ unenvy’d Treasure of the Slave !
From *wild Desires* she set him free,
And fill’d his Breast with *Charity* ;
No more loud Tumults *Riot* breeds,
And *Temp’rance Gluttony* succeeds.

Hodge, in his native Cot at Rest,
Now *Virtue* found, and thus address’d :
‘ Say, for ’tis yours by Proof to know,
‘ Can *Virtue* give thee Bliss below ?
‘ *Content* my Gift, and *Temp’rance* mine,
‘ And *Charity*, tho’ meek, divine.’—

With blushing Cheeks, and kindling Eyes,
The Man transported, thus replies :

‘ My Goddess ! on this favour’d Head,
‘ The Life of Life thy Blessings shed !
‘ My annual Thousands when I told,
‘ Insatiate still I sigh’d for Gold ;

‘ You

118 ELOISA to ABELARD.

- ‘ You gave *Content*—a boundless Store !
- ‘ And, rich indeed ! I sigh’d no more.—
- ‘ With *Temp’rance* came, delightful Guest !
- ‘ *Health*,—*tasteful Food*, and *balmy Rest* ;
- ‘ With *Charity*’s seraphic Flame
- ‘ Each gen’rous social Pleasure came,
- ‘ Pleasures which in Possession rise,
- ‘ And retrospective Thought supplies !
- ‘ Long to attest it may I live,
- ‘ That all *Vice* promises, you *give*.’

Vice heard, and swore that *Hodge* for Hire
Had giv’n his Verdict like a Liar ;
And *Virtue*, turning with Disdain,
Vow’d ne’er to speak to *Vice* again.

ELOISA to ABELARD. *

By Mr. POPE.

IN these deep Solitudes and awful Cells,
Where heav’nly-pensive Contemplation
dwells,

And

* *Abelard* and *Eloisa* flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished Persons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Passion. After a long Course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the Remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this

And ever-musing Melancholy reigns ;
 What means this Tumult in a Vestal's Veins ?
 Why rove my Thoughts beyond this last Retreat ?
 Why feels my Heart its long forgotten Heat ?
 Yet, yet I love !——From *Abelard* it came,
 And *Eloïsa* yet must kiss the Name.

Dear fatal Name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these Lips in holy Silence seal'd :
 Hide it, my Heart, within that close Disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies :
 Oh write it not my Hand—the Name appears
 Already written—wash it out my Tears !
 In vain lost *Eloïsa* weeps and prays,
 Her Heart still dictates, and her Hand obeys,
 Relentless Walls ! whose darksome Round
 contains

Repentent Sighs, and voluntary Pains :
 Ye rugged Rocks ! which holy Knees have worn ;
 Ye Grotts and Caverns shagg'd with horrid Thorn !
 Shrines ! where their Vigils pale-ey'd Virgins
 keep,

And pitying Saints, whose Statues learn to weep !
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

this Separation, that a Letter of *Abelard's* to a Friend, which contained the History of his Misfortune, fell into the Hands of *Eloïsa*. This, awakening all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated Letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a Picture of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

Heav'n

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has Part,
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my Heart ;
 Nor Pray'rs nor Fasts its stubborn Pulse restrain,
 Nor Tears, for Ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy Letters trembling I unclofe,
 That well-known Name awakens all my Woes.
 Oh Name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
 Still breath'd in Sighs, still usher'd with a Tear.
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,
 Some dire Misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after Line my gushing Eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad Variety of Woe :

Now warmin Love, now with'ring in my Bloom,
 Lost in a Convent's solitary Gloom !

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling
 Flame,

There dy'd the best of Passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy Griefs, and echo Sighs to thine.
 Nor Foes nor Fortune take this Pow'r away ;
 And is my *Abelard* less kind than they ?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in Pray'r ;
 No happier Task these faded Eyes pursue ;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy Pain, allow that sad Relief ;
 Ah, more than share it ! give me all thy Grief.
 Heav'n first taught Letters for some Wretch's
 Aid,

Some banish'd Lover, or some Captive Maid ;
 They

They live, they speak, they breathe what Love
inspires,

Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires,
The Virgin's Wish without her Fears impart,
Excuse the Blush, and pour out all the Heart,
Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy
Flame,

When Love approach'd me under Friendship's
Name ;

My Fancy form'd thee of angelic Kind,
Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling Eyes attempting ev'ry Ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial Day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And Truths * divine came mended from that
Tongue.

From Lips like those what Precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no Sin to Love :
Back thro' the Paths of pleasing Sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the Joys of Saints I see ;
Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when prest to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all Laws but those which Love has
made ?

* He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

Love, free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,
 Spreads his light Wings, and in a Moment flies.
 Let Wealth, let Honour, wait the wedded Dame,
 August her Deed, and sacred be her Fame ;
 Before true Passion all those Views remove,
 Fame, Wealth, and Honour ! what are you
 to Love ?

The jealous God, when we profane his Fires,
 Those restless Passions in Revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken Mortals groan,
 Who seek in Love for aught but Love alone.
 Should at my Feet the World's great Master fall,
 Himself, his Throne, his World, I'd scorn 'em all ;
 Not *Cæsar's* Empress wou'd I deign to prove ;
 No, make me Mistress to the Man I love ;
 If there be yet another Name more free,
 More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee !
 Oh ! happy State ! when Souls each other draw,
 When Love is Liberty, and Nature, Law :
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the Breast :
 Ev'n Thought meets Thought, e'er from the
 Lips it part,
 And each warm Wish springs mutual from the
 Heart.

This sure is Bliss (if Bliss on Earth there be)
 And once the Lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd ! what sudden Horrors rise ?
 A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies !

Where,

Where, where was *Eloïsa*? her Voice, her Hand,
 Her Poniard had oppos'd the dire Command.
 Barbarian stay! that bloody Stroke restrain;
 The Crime was common, common be the Pain.
 I can no more; by Shame, by Rage, suppress'd,
 Let Tears, and burning Blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn Day,
 When Victims at yon' Altar's Foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,
 When, warm in Youth, I bade the World fare-
 well?

As with cold Lips I kiss'd the sacred Veil,
 The Shrines all trembled, and the Lamps grew
 pale:

Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with Wonder heard the Vows I
 made.

Yet then, to those dread Altars as I drew,
 Not on the Cross my Eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not Grace, or Zeal, Love only was my Call,
 And if I lose thy Love, I lose my All.

Come! with thy Looks, thy Words, relieve
 my Woe;

Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that Breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious Poison from thy Eye,
 Pant on thy Lip, and to thy Heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other Joys to prize,
 With other Beauties charm my partial Eyes,

124 ELOISA to ABELARD.

Full in my View set all the bright Abode,
And make my Soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Ah think at least thy Flock deserves thy Care,
Plants of thy Hand, and Children of thy Pray'r.
From the false World in early Youth they fled,
By thee to Mountains, Wilds, and Desarts led.
You * rais'd these hallow'd Walls ; the Desart
smil'd,

And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping Orphan saw his Father's Stores
Our Shrines irradiate, or emblaze the Floors ;
No silver Saints, by dying Misers given,
Here brib'd the Rage of ill-requited Heav'n :
But such plain Roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's Praise.
In these lone Walls (their Day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown Domes with spiry Turrets
crown'd,

Where awful Arches make a Noon-day Night,
And the dim Windows shed a solemn Light ;
Thy Eyes refus'd a reconciling Ray,
And Glams of Glory brighten'd all the Day.
But now no Face divine Contentment wears,
'Tis all blank Sadness, or continual Tears.
See how the Force of others Pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious Fraud of am'rous Charity !)
But why should I on others Pray'rs depend ?
Come thou, my Father, Brother, Husband,
Friend !

* He founded the Monastery.

Ah let thy Handmaid, Sister, Daughter move,
And, all those tender Names in one, thy Love!
The darksome Pines, that o'er yon' Rocks reclin'd

Wave high, and murmur to the hollow Wind,
The wand'ring Streams that shine between the Hills,

The Grots that echo to the tinkling Rills,
The dying Gales that pant upon the Trees,
The Lakes that quiver to the curling Breeze ;
No more these Scenes my Meditation aid,
Or lull to Rest the visionary Maid.

But o'er the twilight Groves, and dusky Caves,
Long-sounding Isles, and intermingled Graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like Silence, and a dread Repose :
Her gloomy Presence saddens all the Scene,
Shades ev'ry Flow'r, and darkens ev'ry Green,
Deepens the Murmur of the falling Floods,
And breathes a browner Horror on the Woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad Proof how well a Lover can obey !
Death, only Death, can break the lasting Chain,
And here ev'n then, shall my cold Dust remain,
Here all its Frailties, all its Flames resign,
And wait 'till 'tis no Sin to mix with thine.

Ah Wretch ! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.

Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that Pray'r?
 Sprung it from Piety, or from Despair?
 Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault;
 I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
 Repent old Pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past Offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my Innocence.
 Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest Science to forget!
 How shall I lose the Sin, yet keep the Sense,
 And love th' Offender, yet detest th' Offence?
 How the dear Object from the Crime remove,
 Or how distinguish Penitence from Love?
 Unequal Task! a Passion to resign,
 For Hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 Ere such a Soul regains its peaceful State,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all 'Things but forget.
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd!
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but in-
 spir'd!

Oh come! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my Love, my Life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond Heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How

How happy is the blameless Vestal's Lot?
 The World forgetting, by the World forgot:
 Eternal Sunshine of the spotless Mind!
 Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wish resign'd;
 Labour and Rest, that equal Periods keep;
 'Obedient Slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, Affections ever ev'n;
 Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with sereneest Beams,
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden
 Dreams.

For her the Spouse prepares the bridal Ring,
 For her white Virgins *Hymenæals* sing,
 For her th' unfading Rose of *Eden* blooms,
 And Wings of Seraphs shed divine Perfumes,
 To Sounds of heav'nly Harps she dies away,
 And melts in Visions of eternal Day.

Far other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
 Far other Raptures of unholy Joy:
 When at the Close of each sad sorrowing Day,
 Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
 All my loose Soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear Horrors of all-conscious Night!
 How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight!
 Provoking Dæmons all Restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry Source of Love,
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,
 And round thy Phantom glue my clasping Arms.

I wake :——no more I hear, no more I view,
 The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say ;
 I stretch my empty Arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing Eyes ;
 Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits, arise !
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary Wastes, and weep each other's
 Woe,
 Where round some mould'ring Tow'r pale Ivy
 creeps,
 And low-brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the
 Deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the Skies ;
 Clouds interpose, Waves roar, and Winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad Prospect find,
 And wake to all the Grievs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool Suspense from Pleasure and from Pain ;
 Thy Life a long dead Calm of fix'd Repose ;
 No Pulse that riots, and no Blood that glows.
 Still as the Sea, e'er Winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving Spirit bade the Waters flow ;
 Soft as the Slumbers of a Saint forgiv'n,
 And mild as op'ning Gleams of promis'd Heav'n.

Come, *Abelard* ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The Torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
 Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloïsa* loves.

Ah

Ah hopeless, lasting Flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful Urn.

What Scenes appear, where'er I turn my
View,

The dear Ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the Grove, before the Altar rise,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes.
I waste the matin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image steals between my God and me,
Thy Voice I seem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too soft a Tear.
When from the Censer Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And swelling Organs lift the rising Soul,
One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my Sight:
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous Drops just gathering in my Eye,
While praying, trembling, in the Dust I roll,
And dawning Grace is op'ning on my Soul :
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my Heart ;
Come, with one Glance of those deluding Eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the Skies ;
Take back that Grace, those Sorrows, and those
Tears ;

Take back my fruitless Penitence and Pray'rs ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest Abode ;
Assist the Fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole ;
 Rise *Alps* between us ! and whole Oceans roll !
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one Pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory resign ;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I
 view !)

Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas, all adieu !
 O Grace serene ! Oh Virtue heav'nly Fair !
 Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care !
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky !
 And Faith, our early Immortality !
 Enter, each mild, each amicable Guest ;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal Rest !

See in her Cell sad *Eloïsa* spread,
 Propt on some Tomb, a Neighbour of the dead !
 In each low Wind methinks a Spirit calls,
 And more than Echoes talk along the Walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying Lamps around,
 From yonder Shrine I heard a hollow Sound.
 ' Come, Sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 ' Thy Place is here, sad Sister, come away !
 ' Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 ' Love's Victim then, tho' now a fainted Maid ;
 ' But all is calm in this eternal Sleep ;
 ' Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,
 ' Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry Fear :
 ' For God, not Man, absolves our Frailties
 ' here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate Bow'rs,
 Celestial Palms, and ever-blooming Flow'rs,
 Thither, where Sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where Flames refin'd in Breasts seraphic glow:
 Thou, *Abelard*! the last sad Office pay,
 And smooth my Passage to the Realms of Day;
 See my Lips tremble, and my Eyeballs roll,
 Suck my last Breath, and catch my flying Soul!
 Ah no—in sacred Vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd Taper trembling in thy Hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted Eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once lov'd *Eloïsa* see!
 It will be then no Crime to gaze on me.
 See from my Cheek the transient Roses fly!
 See the last Sparkle languish in my Eye!
 'Till ev'ry Motion, Pulse, and Breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my *Abelard* below'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
 What Dust we doat on, when 'tis Man we love.
 Then too, when Fate shall thy fair Frame
 destroy,
 (That Cause of all my Guilt, and all my Joy)
 In Trance extatic may thy Pangs be drown'd,
 Bright Clouds descend, and Angels watch thee
 round,
 From opening Skies may streaming Glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a Love like mine.

May

May * one kind Grave unite each hapless
Name,

And graft my Love immortal on thy Fame !
Then, Ages hence, when all my Woes are o'er,
When this Rebellious Heart shall beat no more;
If ever Chance two wand'ring Lovers brings
To *Paraclete's* white Walls and silver Springs,
O'er the pale Marble shall they join their Heads,
And drink the falling Tear each other sheds ;
Then sadly say, with mutual Pity mov'd,
' Oh may we never love as these have lov'd !'
From the full Choir when loud *Hosanna's* rise,
And swell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice,
Amid that Scene, if some relenting Eye
Glance on the Stone where our cold Relicks lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a Thought from Heav'n,
One human Tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if Fate some future Bard shall join
In sad Similitude of Grievs to mine,
Condemn'd whole Years in Absence to deplore,
And image Charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, our tender Story tell ;
The well-sung Woes will sooth my pensive
Ghost ;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

* *Abelard* and *Eloisa* were interred in the same Grave, or in Monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the *Paraclete* : He died in the Year 1142, she in 1163.

CORESUS *and* CALLIRRHŌE.

A T A L E.

A Ttend, ye Fair, and learn what Pains await
 Relentless Beauty, and the Virgin's Hate.
 Tho' long the Lover, worn with anxious Care,
 Unpity'd sigh, and urge a fruitless Prayer;
 Yet stung with late Remorse the Nymph shall
 prove,
 And mourn the dire Effects of injur'd Love.

Wherewide outstretch'd the spacious* *Patras*
 lay,
 To *Phæbus* sacred, God of Health and Day,
Corefus liv'd, *Corefus* full of Truth,
 The Pride and Envy of the *Grecian* Youth.
 Priest of the *laurell'd Deity*, he serv'd
 The Fane, nor from his Charge, incurious,
 swerv'd.
 Comely, and fraught with ev'ry winning Grace,
 He seem'd himself the Patron of the Place.
 At length a softer God his Soul possess'd,
 And all the *Wanton* revell'd in his Breast:
Callirrhoe's winning Charms new Warmth in-
 spire,
 Glow in his Heart, and kindle fierce Desire.

* A City in Greece.

134 CORESUS *and* CALLIRHOE.

Fairest Attractive of the fairer Kind,
 But cold, as nourish'd by the Mountain Hind :
 With Vows and Tears he told his tender Tale,
 Nor pressing Vows, nor flowing Tears avail ;
 With haughty Air she mock'd his am'rous Grief,
 Nor deign'd a distant Prospect of Relief.
 With Scorn rejected, soon he strove to tame
 Th' imperious Guest, and quench the rising
 Flame :

Luckless Attempt ! unequal in the Strife,
 He found it rooted, and a Part of Life.
 With Wishes pure, he woo'd her to his Side,
 No loose Companion, but a spotless Bride.
 But vain were all his Measures ; ill-advis'd
 She deem'd intreating Friends, and Wealth de-
 spis'd.

Thus, 'midst the Horrors of the *Tyrrhene* Deep,
 While circling Winds around her Bosom sweep,
 While Waves on Waves succeeding lend their
 Aid,

And rising, with united Force invade,
 Unmov'd, the barb'rous *Scylla* rears her Head,
 Proud in her Strength, and stands the Pilot's
 Dread.

With wakeful Pains and hopeless Passions spent,
 Enquiring, to the golden Shrine he went ;
 Around the Temple as his Footsteps roam,
 Indignant Murmurs fill the solemn Dome ;
 Dear to his God, yet no Return ensu'd,
 No wish'd Return indulg'd the Vow *renew'd*.

Now

CORESUS *and* CALLIRRHÖE. 135

Now thro' the Place contagious Fevers reign,
And madding Phrensies rack the tortur'd Brain.
Ate aloft her vengeful Terrors bears,
Impetuous *Death* a ghastly Visage wears;
A pois'nous Vapour taints the gloomy Sky,
The Scourge is up; Ten-thousand rave and die.

An Embassy decrees the falling State,
And splendid Presents on the Message wait;
In mournful Pomp the pensive Envoys move,
And seek, to heal their Grievs, *Olympian Jove*.
Appeas'd with holy Rites, the Godhead spoke,
And Words like these the Silence awful broke:
' *Callirrhoe's* Blood, by young *Corefus* spilt,
' Shall save the sinking State, and purge the
Guilt;

' Or some illustrious Substitute may give
' His offer'd Life, and bid the Virgin live.'

Disclos'd the welcome Answer sparkling Joy,
And a new Lustre beams from ev'ry Eye:
Elate, the Tribes now bid avaunt Despair,
Exulting shout, and seize the *destin'd Fair*;
The destin'd Fair bewails the sad Constraint,
Far off resounds the passionate Complaint:
' Some one to die!' she begs the gazing Croud,
With piercing Cries, and Intercession loud;
The once-enamour'd Train the Service flies;
To *love* was easy, but to *live* was wise.

Lo! rob'd in White, the mitred Victim stands,
With Eyes uplifted, and beseeching Hands!

The

136 CORESUS *and* CALLIRRHOE.

The trembling Priest unsheath'd the fatal Blade,
And, sighing, thus address'd the frightened Maid :

‘ Accept, dear Object of my fondest Aim,
‘ This last best Proof of an unfully'd Flame ;
‘ Far from that Breast be pungent Grief re-
‘ mov'd,
‘ This Heart shall bleed, and save the Life it
‘ lov'd.’

Quick, ere his Words the fixt Intent reveal,
Deep in his Bosom lodg'd the pointed Steel ;
His Fall while weeping Multitudes admire,
Truth and *Corefus* by one Wound expire.

Mean-time new Pangs thro' all the Virgin
dart,

She feels a Tumult rage in ev'ry Part ;
Then first her Soul a soft Emotion seiz'd,
And first in Death the hapless Lover pleas'd.
‘ And wou'd'st thou only die (she said) to save
‘ A Wretch ingrate from the remorseless Grave?
‘ Thy gen'rous Act its due Return to give,
‘ 'Tis just to perish, and 'tis base to live.’

She ending here, and, catching at the Word,
Plung'd to her sick'ning Heart the reeking
Sword ;

Then sunk, with decent Care and easy Pace,
And clasp'd the Body with a cold Embrace :
Interr'd one Tomb the fated Pair confin'd,
In Life divided, but in Death conjoin'd.

The CONTENTED CLOWN.

A T A L E.

YOUNG *Hodge*, a poor, but a contented
Swain,

Rented a homely Cottage on a Plain ;
Homely you'd say, if you the Cottage saw,
The Walls were rear'd of Mud, and thatch'd
with Straw :

In wond'rous Form at every Corner stood
A mighty Pole lopp'd from a neighb'ring Wood ;
Not Columns plac'd for Show and wanton Pride,
But to support with Safety every Side.
For when, with furious Blast, the North Wind
blew,

Hodge long had thought that Ruin must ensue :
And Landlord nought would give, so lov'd he
Pelf,

That *Hodge* e'en turn'd an Architect himself :
Therefore, as he consulted *Use* alone,
Laid Parlour, Hall, and Kitchen, into one.
Well with the Place the Furniture agreed ;
No Implements of Luxury, but Need :
Five wooden Platters in a comely Row,
With eke as many Beechen Spoons below ;
An Iron Pot stood open to the View,
By which that he good Living kept you knew :

On

138 *The* CONTENTED CLOWN.

On half one Side the antique Bed was plac'd,
One whole Chair, and three broke, the other
grac'd ;

All that you cou'd unnecessary call,
Were some old tatter'd Ballads on the Wall :
Alike of Wealth was all his Stock and Store, }
Two Bee-Hives (one forsaken) at the Door, }
And Cabbages and Turnips half a Score :
A meagre Tit that on the Common graz'd,
A small Runt Cow that from a Calf he rais'd ;
One Cock, two Hens, and half a Dozen Chicks,
Two little Heaps of Hay, which *Hodge* call'd
Ricks :

Three Pigs, within Doors kept, and serv'd with
Care ;

To these—a Wife—two Girls—a Son and Heir :
These were his Stock—nor did he e'er repine, }
Tho' Pigs, Wife, Children, often did combine }
To greet his Ears, and in loud Concert join. }
But 'midst this Scene of Poverty and Woes,
Hodge, by his Looks, no Discontentment shows ;
He feels no secret Pangs, betrays no Spleen,
But in his Face a blithful Mirth is seen.

At Work he whistles ; when his Work is done,
No more is tir'd than when he first begun ;
Homeward he hies, and tunes a merry Song,
His lov'd, tho' dirty squawling Tribe among :
Happy the Day, as happy proves the Night,
And *Madge* and *Hodge* experience true Delight ;

Nor

The CONTENTED CLOWN. 139

Nor doubt that both their Pleasures are sincere,
When a brave chopping Child comes every Year.

Such *Hodge's* Life was, which a neighb'ring
'Squire

Did often with an envious Mind admire ;
Wonder'd a Clown, in such penurious State,
Never repin'd at Heav'n, and curs'd his Fate,
But still was merry, and was still content ;
And tho' his Charge increas'd--still paid his Rent.
—The 'Squire once caught him felling down an
Oak,

And, tho' he toil'd, still sung 'twixt ev'ry Stroke:
Pleas'd at his lightsome Heart, began a Chat,
And after some Discourse of this and that ;
' Pray *Hodge*, cries he, as Hardship you endure,
' How can you be so merry, and so poor ?
' You whistle, sing, *contented* are, and free,
' Some *Secret* sure you have ; pray tell it me.'

Hodge stops a while, and with a Leer replies,
' You shall the *Secret* know without Disguise :
' Why, when I think of such fine Folk as you,
' That ride in Coaches, and have nought to do ;
' Who live upon the Fat of all the Land,
' Have Coaches, Horses, Servants at Command :
' Why then, an't please your Worship, in good
' Faith,
' A secret Curse or two my Father hath,
' Who under such a Star a Son begot,
' That never will thro' Life be worth a Groat.

' But

- ' But when I change the Case, and think how
 ' few
 ' Have *such Estates*, and live like one of you ;
 ' And yet how many *Millions* have the Curse
 ' Of my *Condition*, if not still a worse ;
 ' Content, that Work I follow I began,
 ' And still jog on as merry as I can.'
-

The ACCIDENT.

A PASTORAL ESSAY.

FROM rosy Fingers, *Morning* shook the
 Dew ;

From *Nature's* Charms the Veil of *Night* she
 drew :

Reviving Colour glow'd with broken Light ;
 The varied Landscape dawn'd upon the Sight :
 The Lark's first Song melodious floats on Air ;
 And *Damon* rises, wak'd by Love and Care,
 Unpens the Fold, and o'er the glitt'ring Mead,
 With thoughtful Steps, conducts his fleecy Breed.

Near, in rude Majesty, a Mountain stood,
 Projecting far, and brow'd with pendant Wood ;
 The Foliage, trembling as the Breezes blow,
 Inverted, tremble in a Brook below.

The Mountain echo'd ev'ry plaintive Strain,
 The sighing Breeze return'd his Sighs again.

The

The gliding Brook re-murmur'd to his Grief,
As thus from Song the Shepherd sought Relief.

‘ When late in rural Sports I took my Share,
‘ Blithe as the blitheft in the crouded Fair,
‘ What tho’ from Ten, contending in the Race,
‘ I snatch’d the Prize, with yet unrival’d Pace?
‘ What tho’, in Wrestling, arduous to excel,
‘ I stood the Victor, when each Rival fell?
‘ What tho’, when *Colin*, oft in Combat crown’d,
‘ The Cudgel seiz’d, and aw’d the Circle round,
‘ I boldly dar’d the Champion of the Green,
‘ And, from his Head, the trick’ling Blood was
‘ seen?

‘ What tho’, in softer Strife, my rural Song
‘ Won the loud *Plaudit* of the list’ning Throng?
‘ Tho’ ev’ry Prize, by ev’ry Voice, was mine,
‘ And rival Hands for me the Chaplet twine,
‘ On *Robin*’s Shoulders thro’ the Croud con-
‘ vey’d

‘ Of Maids that blush’d, and Shepherds that
‘ huzza’d;

‘ Vain all my Strength, Activity, and Speed,
‘ Vain all my Skill to tune the vocal Reed;
‘ No Joy the Chaplet, or the Prize cou’d give,
‘ For *Phillis* frown’d, the Nymph for whom I
‘ live:

‘ *Phillis*! whose Charms alone my Wishes fir’d,
‘ Whose Charms, Ambition, not my own, in-
‘ spir’d;

‘ Who

- ‘ Who made my Feet more swift, my Arms
‘ more strong,
- ‘ My Heart more dauntless, and more sweet
‘ my Song.
- ‘ Love gave me Conquest, but deny’d me Bliss,
- ‘ When from her Lips she wip’d the ravish’d Kifs.
- ‘ Cruel and coy she blasted all my Pride,
- ‘ And ’midst the Transport of my Friends I sigh’d;
- ‘ Deny’d her Love, I’m poor with all the rest,
- ‘ Indulg’d with that, of more than all possess’d.
‘ What giddy Caprice rules a Woman’s Mind,
- ‘ As Fate relentless, and as Fortune blind !
- ‘ On vanquish’d *Colin*, *Phyllis* sheds her Smiles,
- ‘ And all his Sorrows and his Pains beguiles ;
- ‘ She, from the Wound I gave, with lenient Care
- ‘ Wash’d the stiff Gore, and clipp’d the clotted
‘ Hair :
- ‘ The healing Simples with soft Touch apply’d,
- ‘ Own’d and caress’d him, spite of Female Pride,
- ‘ Mourn’d his Disgrace, and now from future
‘ Harms,
- ‘ Perhaps she hides him in her circling Arms.
‘ O ! had kind Heav’n to me transferr’d his
‘ Blow,
- ‘ O ! had I own’d him a superior Foe,
- ‘ Fled from the gen’ral Hiss, with Shame deprest,
- ‘ To hide my Blushes in her downy Breast !
- ‘ To him, with Rapture, ev’ry Prize I’d yield,
- ‘ And all the tasteless Honours of the Field,

‘ For

- ‘ For each gay Trifle with her Love o’erpaid,
- ‘ Blest, tho’ forgotten, in the secret Shade.
- ‘ Vain Wish ! to *Colin* is that Bliss decreed—
- ‘ Distracting Thoughts distracting Thoughts
succeed——
- ‘ May swift Destruction seize the hated Pair,
- ‘ Or, worse than swift Destruction, my Despair !
- ‘ No—may the fruitless Curse leave *Phillis* free,
- ‘ But doubled, *Colin* ! be fulfill’d in thee.’

High on the neighb’ring Mountain’s airy
Head,

His browzing Goats as happy *Colin* fed ;
Pronounc’d with hasty Rage, he heard his Name,
And near the Brow with still Attention came ;
Too near, the treach’rous Brink gives Way,
and lo !

He shrieks, and plunges in the Brook below ;
The sounding Waters, whitening as they rose,
Now with subsiding Murmurs round him close.

Damon, alarm’d, his falling Rival knew,
And, swift as Light’ning, to his Aid he flew ;
Prevailing Virtue triumph’d in his Breast,
And Pity, Love, and Enmity suppress’d :
He saw him gasp, emerging from the Brook,
And reach’d, with gen’rous Haste, his saving
Crook,

Caught by the drowning Wretch with both his
Hands,

And grateful, trembling, on the Bank he stands.

Short Recollection serv'd him thus to show
 How much a Friend he rose, who fell a Foe :
 “ Born to subdue me, and subdu'd to save,
 “ Thine from this Moment is the Life you gave;
 “ Here, by the Gods who sent thee to my Aid,
 “ I swear, no more to see thy fav'rite Maid,
 “ By partial Favour, not by Merit mine,
 “ To thee, more worthy, *Phillis*, I resign :
 “ Go, and my Falshood to thy Mistress plead,
 “ Go, and may Heav'n and Love thy Suit suc-
 “ ceed.”

Thus soon with ardent Looks, with honest
 Pride,

And just Disdain, the kindling Swain reply'd :
 ‘ What *Damon*'s faithful Love essay'd in vain,
 ‘ He scorns by *Colin*'s broken Vows to gain ;
 ‘ Be thine the Maid, since Fate ordains it so,
 ‘ And Time and Absence shall allay my Woe ;
 ‘ Friends, from this Hour, for ever let us live,
 ‘ My Friendship's Pledge, this spotless Ewe I
 ‘ I give ;’
 “ And I, yon Kid than falling Snow more
 “ white,”

Glad *Colin* cry'd, and mutual Faith they plight.

Thus busied, *Phillis*, unperceiv'd, drew near,
 Foredoom'd, her Love now twice renounc'd,
 to hear ;

“ Take, *Damon*, thus the blushing Maid begins,
 “ The Hand, the Heart, thy gen'rous Virtue
 “ wins ;

“ Not

The DISAPPOINTED MILKMAID. 145

“ Not *Colin*’s broken Vows, but *Damon*’s Truth,
“ Now blends my Fate with thine, deserving
“ Youth !

“ To try thee, O ! forgive, if try’d too far,
“ Was all I meant, whate’er my Actions were.”
Her Hand, with sudden Rapture, *Damon* prest,
The joyful Pair consenting *Colin* blest ;
To *Damon*’s Cot they take the flow’ry Way,
With guileless Mirth to crown the happy Day.

The DISAPPOINTED MILKMAID.

A T A L E.

HOW poorly your *Projectors* fare,
That build their *Castles* in the *Air* !
Still tow’ring on from *Scheme* to *Scheme*,
They top *Olympus* in a *Dream* :
But waking, find (Nineteen i’ th’ Score)
Themselves far lower than before.

Of these the *Instances* are many,
And this will serve as well as any.
It happen’d on a *Summer*’s Day,
A *Country Lass* as fresh as *May*,
Deck’d in a wholesome *Russet Gown*,
Was going to next *Market Town*.
So blithe her *Looks*, so simply clean,
You’d take her for a *May-day Queen* ;

H

Save,

146 *The DISAPPOINTED MILKMAID.*

Save, 'stead of *Garland* (says my *Tale*)
Her *Head* bore *Brindy's* loaded *Pail*.

As on her *Way* she pass'd along,
She hum'd the *Fragments* of a *Song*.
She did not hum for want of *Thought*,
Quite pleas'd with what to *Sale* she brought ;
And reckon'd by her own *Account*,
When all was sold, the whole *Amount*.

Thus she— In *Time*, this little *Ware*
May turn to great *Account* with *Care*.
My *Milk* being sold for— so and so,
I'll buy some *Eggs* as *Markets* go,
And set them— At the *Time* I fix
These *Eggs* will bring as many *Chicks* ;
I'll spare no *Pains* to feed 'em well,
They'll bring vast *Profit* when they sell :
With this I'll buy a little *Pig*,
And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
I'll sell it, whether *Bear* or *Sow*,
And with the *Money* buy a *Cow*.
This *Cow* will surely have a *Calf*,
And there the *Profit's Half* in *Half* :
Besides there's *Butter*, *Milk*, and *Cheese*,
To keep the *Market* when I please.
All which I'll sell, and buy a *Farm*,
Then shall of *Sweethearts* have a *Swarm*.
O ! then for *Ribbands*, *Gloves*, and *Rings*,
Ay, more than twenty pretty *Things* :
One brings me *this*, another *that*,
And I shall have— the *Lord* knows what !

Fir'd

HESIOD ; *or the* RISE of WOMAN. 147

Fir'd with the *Thoughts*, the frantic *Lafs*,
Of what was *thus* to come to *pass*,
Her *Heart* beat *strong*, she gave a *Bound*,
And down came *Milkpail* on the *Ground*.
Eggs, Fowl, Pig, Hog (ah ! well-o'-day !)
Cow, Calf, and Farm,— all *swam* away.

HESIOD ; *or the* RISE of WOMAN.

A T A L E.

By Mr. PARNELL.

WHAT antient Times (those Times we
fancy wife)
Have left on long Record of *Woman's* Rise,
What Morals teach it, and what Fables hide,
What Author wrote it, how that Author dy'd,
All these I sing. In *Greece* they fram'd the Tale
(In *Greece*'twas thought a *Woman* might be frail.)
Ye modern Beauties ! where the Poet drew
His softest Pencil, think he dreamt of you ;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens, beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The Case was *Hesiod's* ; he the Fable writ ;
Some think with Meaning, some with idle Wit :
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please ;
I wave the Contest, and commence the Lays.

148 HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN.

In Days of Yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low Creation swarm'd with Men)
That one *Prometheus*, sprung of heav'nly Birth,
(Our Author's Song can witness) liv'd on Earth.
He carv'd the Turf to mould a manly Frame,
And stole from *Jove* his animating Flame.

The sly Contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began :

Oh vers'd in Arts ! whose daring Thoughts
aspire

To kindle Clay with never-dying Fire !
Enjoy thy Glory past, That Gift was thine ;
The next thy Creature meets, be fairly mine :
And such a Gift, a Vengeance so design'd,
As suits the Counsel of a God to find ;
A pleasing Bosom-cheat, a specious Ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and *Vulcan* strait the Sire commands,
To temper Mortar with etherial Hands ;
In such a Shape to mould a rising Fair,
As Virgin-Goddeses are proud to wear ;
To make her Eyes with Diamond-water shine,
And form her Organs for a Voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Pow'r obey'd ;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the Work he made ;
The fairest, softest, sweetest Frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to
breathe.

As *Vulcan* ends, the cheerful *Queen* of *Charms*
Clasp'd the new-panting Creature in her Arms ;
From

HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN. 149

From that Embrace a fine Complexion spread,
Where mingled Whiteness glow'd with softer
Red.

Then in a Kiss she breath'd her various Arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded Hearts ;
A Mind for Love, but still a changing Mind ;
The Lisp affected, and the Glance design'd ;
The sweet confusing Blush, the secret Wink,
The gentle-swimming Walk, the courteous
Sink,

The Stare for Strangeness fit, for Scorn the
Frown,

For decent yielding Looks declining down,
The practis'd Languish, where well-feign'd
Desire

Wou'd own its melting in a mutual Fire ;
Gay Smiles to comfort; *April* Show'rs to move;
And all the Nature, all the Art, of Love.

Gold-scepter'd *Juno* next exalts the Fair ;
Her Touch endows her with imperious Air,
Self-valuing Fancy, highly-crested Pride,
Strong sov'reign Will, and *some* Desire to chide :
For which an Eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native Tropes of Anger, arms the Sex.

Minerva (skilful Goddess) trained the Maid
To twirl the Spindle by the twisting Thread,
To fix the Loom, instruct the Reeds to part,
Cross the long Web, and close the Web with Art,

150 HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN.

An useful Gift; but what profuse Expence,
What World of Fashions, took their Rise from
hence!

Young *Hermes* next, a close-contriving God,
Her Brows encircled with his Serpent Rod:
Then Plots and fair Excuses, fill'd her Brain,
The Views of breaking am'rous Vows for Gain,
The Price of Favours; the designing Arts
That aim at Riches in Contempt of Hearts;
And for a Comfort in the Marriage Life,
The little, pilf'ring Temper of a *Wife*.

Full on the Fair his Beams *Apollo* flung,
And fond Persuasion tip'd her easy Tongue;
He gave her Words, where oily Flatt'ry lays
The pleasing Colours of the Art of Praise;
And Wit, to Scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's Spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred *Virgins* whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her Voice, and shed a Sweetness there,
To make her Sense with double Charms abound,
Or make her lively Nonsense please by Sound.

To dress the Maid, the decent *Graces* brought
A Robe in all the Dies of Beauty wrought,
And plac'd their Boxes o'er a rich Brocade
Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry Cover play'd;
Then spread those Implements that *Vulcan's* Art
Had fram'd to merit *Cytherea's* Heart;
The Wire to curl, the close-indented Comb
To call the Locks that lightly wander, home;

And

HESIOD; or *the* RISE of WOMAN. 151

And chief, the Mirrour, where the ravish'd Maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected Shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her Stores, the purpled *Hours*
Confin'd her Tresses with a Wreath of Flow'rs;
Within the Wreath arose a radiant Crown;
A Veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure Veil with Serpent fold,
The purpled Border deck'd the Floor with Gold.
Her Robe (which closely by the Girdle brac't
Reveal'd the Beauties of a slender Wastè)
Flow'd to the Feet; to copy *Venus'* Air,
When *Venus'* Statues have a Robe to wear.

The new-sprung Creature finish'd thus for
Harms,

Adjusts her Habit, practises her Charms,
With Blushes glows, or shines with lively Smiles,
Confirms her Will, or recollects her Wiles:
Then conscious of her Worth, with easy Pace
Glides by the Glass, and turning views her Face.

A finer Flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep Cave the *Sister Fates* explore,

Then fix the Loom, their Fingers nimbly weave,
And thus the Toil prophetic Songs deceive.

Flow from the Rock, my Flax! and swiftly
flow,

Pursue thy Thread; the Spindle runs below.
A Creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The Creature *Woman*, rises now to reign.

152 HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN.

New Beauty blooms, a Beauty form'd to fly;
New Love begins, a Love produc'd to die;
New Parts distress the troubled Scenes of Life,
The fondling Mistress, and the ruling Wife.

Men, born to Labour, all with Pains provide;
Women have Time, to sacrifice to Pride:
They want the Care of Man, their Want they
know,

And dress to please with heart-alluring Show,
The Show prevailing, for the Sway contend,
And make a Servant where they meet a Friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected Forts
A loitering Race the painful Bee supports,
From Sun to Sun, from Bank to Bank he flies,
With Honey loads his Bag, with Wax his Thighs,
Fly where he will, at Home the Race remain,
Prune the Silk Dress, and murm'ring eat the
Gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle Bride,
Whose Temper betters by the Father's Side;
Unlike the rest that double Human Care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:

Happy the Man whom thus his Stars advance!
The Curse is gen'ral, but the Blessing Chance.

Thus sung the *Sisters*, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous Creature made for Man in Ire;
The young *Pandora* she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her End:
Then bid the Winds that fly to breathe the Spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle Wing;

With

HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN. 153

With wafting Airs the Winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining Vengeance safe below,
A golden Coffer in her Hand she bore,
(The Present treach'rous, but the Bearer more)
'Twas fraught with Pangs ; for *Jove* ordain'd
above,

That Gold should aid, and Pangs attend on Love.

Her gay Descent the Man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling Star ;
But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his Veins the wand'ring Passion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns.
Her Form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
Or swears that *Venus* must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his Offers while her Airs she plays,
Shoots scornful Glances from the bended Frown,
In brisk Disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless Tune to lay the Storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in *Form*.

“ Now take what *Jove* design'd (she softly
“ cry'd)

“ This Box thy Portion, and Myself thy Bride:”
Fir'd with the Prospect of the double Charms,
He snatch'd the Box, and Bride, with eager Arms.

Unhappy Man! to whom so bright she shone:
The fatal Gift, her tempting Self, unknown!
The Winds were silent, all the Waves asleep,
And Heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring Deep;

154 HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN.

But whilst he looks unmindful of a Storm,
And thinks the Water wears a stable Form,
What dreadful Din around his Ears shall rise !
What Frowns confuse his Picture of the Skies !

At first the Creature Man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the World his own.
For him the Nymphs in Green forsook the
Woods,

For him the Nymphs in Blue forsook the Floods ;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him Heroes in the secret Cave.
No Care destroy'd, no sick Disorder prey'd,
No bending Age his sprightly Form decay'd,
No Wars were known, no Females heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden Age.

When *Woman* came, those Ills the Box con-
fin'd

Burst furious out, and poison'd all the Wind,
From Point to Point, from Pole to Pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the Progress grew :
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal Race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly Face ;
New Terms of Folly rose, new States of Care ;
New Plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair !
The Days of Whining, and of wild Intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the Breach of
Leagues ;

The mean Designs of well-dissembled Love ;
The sordid Matches never join'd above ;

Abroad

HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN. 155

Abroad the Labour, and at home the Noise,
(Man's double Sufferings for domestick Joys)
The Curse of Jealousy; Expence, and Strife;
Divorce, the public Brand of shameful Life;
The Rival's Sword; the Qualm that takes the
Fair;

Disdain for Passion, Passion in Despair —
These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on *Parnassus* tuneful *Hesiod* sung,
The Mountain echo'd, and the Valley rung,
The sacred Groves a fix'd Attention show,
The chrystal *Helicon* forbore to flow,
The Sky grew bright, and (if his Verse be true)
The *Muses* came to give the Laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant Prize of Wit,
If *Love* swore Vengeance for the Tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended, hear your Friend relate
What heavy Judgment prov'd the Writers Fate,
Tho' *when* it happen'd, no Relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty Years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted Shade
The neighb'ring Woods a native Arbour made,
There oft a tender Pair for am'rous Play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd Hours away;
A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
A fair *Milesian*, kind *Evanthe* she:
But swelling Nature in a fatal Hour
Betray'd the Secrets of the conscious Bow'r;
The

156 HESIOD; or the RISE of WOMAN.

The dire Disgrace her Brothers count their own,
And track her Steps, to make its Author known.

It chanc'd one Evening, ('twas the Lover's
Day)

Conceal'd in Brakes the jealous Kindred lay;
When *Hesiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the Plain,
And fix'd his Seat where Love had fix'd the
Scene:

A strong Suspicion strait possess their Mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle Kind.)
But when *Evanthe* near the Passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful Look, and shot the Wood,
“ Now take (at once they cry) thy due Re-
ward,”

And urg'd with erring Rage, assault the Bard.
His Corps the Sea receiv'd. The Dolphins bore
('Twas all the Gods would do) the Corps to
Shore.

Methinks I view the Dead with pitying Eyes,
And see the Dreams of antient Wisdom rise;
I see the *Muses* round the Body cry,
But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by;
He wheels his Arrow with insulting Hand,
And thus inscribes the Moral on the Sand.
“ Here *Hesiod* lies: Ye future Bards beware
“ How far your Moral Tales incense the Fair:
“ Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his Fate to bleed;
“ Without his Quiver *Cupid* caus'd the Deed:
“ He judg'd this Turn of Malice justly due,
“ And *Hesiod* dy'd for Joys he never knew.”

The

The CHOICE.*By* Mr. POMFRET.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty would give,
 That I might choose my Method how to live;
 And all those Hours propitious Fate should lend,
 In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend;

Near some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
 Built uniform; not little, nor too great:
 Better, if on a rising Ground it stood;
 On this Side Fields, on that a neighb'ring Wood.
 It should within no other Things contain,
 But what are useful, necessary, plain:
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless Pomp of gaudy Furniture.
 A little Garden, grateful to the Eye;
 And a cool Rivulet run murm'ring by:
 On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
 Of shady Limes, or Sycamores, should grow.
 At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,
 Should be with all the noblest Authors grac'd:
Horace and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines
 Immortal Wit, and solid Learning, shines;
 Sharp *Juvenal*, and am'rous *Ovid* too,
 Who all the Turns of Love's soft Passion knew:
 He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
 In which strong Art with stronger Nature joins,
 Must

Must grant his Fancy does the best excel ;
His Thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :
With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.
In some of these, as Fancy should advise,
I'd always take my Morning Exercise :
For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than those in pleasing, useful Studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent Estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great :
As much as I could moderately spend ;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a Friend.
Nor should the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine ;
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my Wants could
spare :

For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in Gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty should my Table spread ;
With healthy, not luxurious, Dishes fed :
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the Stranger, and the neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pamp'ring Food
Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood.
But what's sufficient to make Nature strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous *Author* of my Plenty bless.

I'd.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
With the best Wines each Vintage cou'd afford.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its native Force,
And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse :
By making all our Spirits debonnair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends,
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble Ends ;
So, but too oft, the Grape's refreshing Juice,
Does many mischievous Effects produce.
My House should no such rude Disorders know,
As from high Drinking consequently flow ;
Nor wou'd I use what was so kindly giv'n,
To the Dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be }
In my Retreat, or to himself or me. }
What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reason,
give,
All Men may, with Impunity, receive :
But the least swerving from their Rule, 's too
much ;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.
That Life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great ;
I'd chuse two Friends, whose Company wou'd be
A great Advance to my Felicity :
Well born, of Humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and Men, as well as Books, have
known :

Brave,

Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose Behaviour, or Formality :
 Airy, and prudent ; merry, but not light ;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging Right :
 Secret they should be, faithful to their Trust ;
 In Reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just :
 Obliging, open, without Huffing, brave ;
 Brisk in gay Talking, and, in sober, grave :
 Close in Dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
 By solid Reason, and let that decide :
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate ;
 Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State :
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spite ;
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight :
 Loyal, and pious, Friends to *Cæsar* ; true,
 As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
 In their Society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss.

Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge,
 I'd chuse

(For who would so much Satisfaction lose,
 As witty Nymphs in Conversation give)
 Near some obliging, modest Fair to live :
 For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
 Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find ;
 That, by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
 Winds up the Spring of Life, and does im-
 part
 Fresh, vital Heat to the transported Heart.

I'd

I'd have her Reason all her Passion sway;
Easy in Company, in private gay:
Coy to a Fop, to the Deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A Soul she should have for great Actions fit;
Prudence and Wisdom to direct her Wit:
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face;
No Fear, but only to be proud or base:
Quick to advise, by an Emergence prest,
To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shews a Want of Judgment, and of Sense;
More than enough is but Impertinence.
Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd;
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind:
Averse to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride;
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
No Censure might upon her Actions fall:
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of Womankind astray.

To this fair Creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her Conversation wou'd new Joys inspire:
Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care
Would venture to assault my Soul, or dare, }
Near my Retreat, to hide one secret Snare. }
But so divine, so noble a Repast
I'd seldom, and with Moderation, taste:

For

For highest Cordials all their Virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a Use;
And what would cheer the Spirits in Distress,
Ruins our Health, when taken to Excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er Assistance I had Pow'r to bring,
T'oblige my Country, or to serve my King,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious Care,
As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lions are;
And rather put up Injuries, than be
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate:
For what do we by all our Bustle gain,
But counterfeit Delight for real Pain?

If Heav'n a Date of many Years would give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Shou'd take upon him all my worldly Care,
Whilst I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
Nor have the Ev'ning of my Days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, resign my aged Breath.
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but friendly, dropt into my Grave.
Then.

CRUELTY *and* LUST. 163

Then would my Exit so propitious be,
All Men would wish to live and die like me.

CRUELTY *and* LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY TALE.*

By Mr. POMFRET.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all Creatures fly,
To tell the Story of her Misery?
Where, but to faithful *Celia*, in whose Mind
A manly Brav'ry's with soft Pity join'd.
I fear these Lines will scarce be understood,
Blurr'd with incessant Tears, and writ in Blood.
But if you can the mournful Pages read,
The sad Relation shews you such a Deed,
As all the Annals of th' infernal Reign
Shall strive to equal, or exceed, in vain.

Neronior's Fame, no doubt, has reach'd your
Ears,
Whose Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears;

* This Piece was occasioned by the Barbarity of *Kirke*, a Commander in the *Western Rebellion*, 1685, who debauched a young Lady, with a Promise to save her Husband's Life, but hanged him the next Morning.

Fill'd each lamenting Town with Fun'ral Sighs,
 Deploring Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries,
 At ev'ry Health the horrid Monster quaff'd,
 Ten Wretches dy'd; and, as they dy'd, he
 laugh'd :

Till, tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
 Drunk, with Excess of Blood and Wine, to Bed.
 Oh, cursed Place !— I can no more command
 My Pen; Shame and Confusion shake my Hand:
 But I must on, and let my *Celia* know
 How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vast my
 Woe.

Amongst the Croud of *Western* Youth, who
 ran

To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy Man *,
 My Husband, fatally uniting, went;
 Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtless of th' Event.
 But when the battle was by Treach'ry won,
 The Chief, and all, but his false Friend, undone;
 Tho', in the Tumult of that desp'rate Night,
 He scap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Fight;
 Yet the sagacious Blood-hounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murd'ring Qualities of Hell,
 Each secret Place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe Retreat.
 As hungry Wolves, triumphing o'er their Prey,
 To sure Destruction hurry them away:
 So the Purveyors of fierce *Moloc's* Son,
 With *Charion*, to the common Butch'ry run;

* The Duke of *Monmouth*.

CRUELTY and LUST. 165

Where proud *Neronior*, by his Gibbet stood,
 To glut himself with fresh Supplies of Blood,
 Our Friends, by pow'rful Intercession, gain'd
 A short Reprieve, but for three Days obtain'd,
 To try all Ways might to Compassion move
 The savage Gen'ral, but in vain they strove.
 When I perceiv'd that all Addressees fail'd,
 And nothing o'er his stubborn Soul prevail'd;
 Distracted almost, to his Tent I flew,
 To make the last Effort what Tears could do.
 Low on my Knees I fell; then thus began:
 Great Genius of Success, thou more than Man!
 Whose Arms to ev'ry Clime have Terror hurl'd,
 And carry'd Conquest round the trembling
 World;

Still may the brightest Glories Fame can lend
 Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Cause at-
 tend.

Here now the Arbiter of Fate you sit,
 While suppliant Slaves their rebel Heads submit.
 Oh, pity the Unfortunate! and give
 But this one Thing: Oh, let but *Charion* live!
 And take the little All that we possess;
 I'll bear the meagre Anguish of Distress:
 Content, nay pleas'd, to beg, or earn my Bread,
 Let *Charion* live, no Matter how I'm fed.
 The Fall of such a Youth, no Lustre brings
 To him, whose Sword performs such won-
 drous Things
 As saving Kingdoms, and supporting Kings.

That

166 CRUELTY and LUST.

That Triumph only with true Grandeur shines,
 Where godlike Courage, godlike Pity joins.
Cæsar, the eldest Favourite of War,
 Took not more Pleasure to submit than spare :
 And since in Battle you can greater be,
 That over, be'nt less merciful than he.
 Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known ;
 And cruel Actions spoil the Conq'ror's Crown :
 In future Hist'ries fill each mournful Page
 With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage :
 And while his Annals are with Horror read,
 Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
 Oh ! do not fully with a sanguine Dye,
 (The foulest Stain) so fair a Memory !
 Then, as you'll live the Glory of our Isle,
 And Fate on all your Expeditions smile ;
 So, when a noble Course you've bravely ran,
 Die the best Soldier, and the happiest Man.
 None can the Turns of Providence foresee,
 Or what their own Catastrophe may be :
 Therefore to Persons lab'ring under Woe,
 That Mercy they may want, shou'd always shew :
 For, in the Chance of War, the slightest Thing
 May lose the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
 And how would you that Gen'ral's Honour prize,
 Should in cool Blood his Captive sacrifice ?

He that with rebel Arms to fight is led,
 To Justice forfeits his opprobrious Head :
 But 'tis unhappy *Charion's* first Offence,
 Seduc'd by some too plausible Pretence,

To

CRUELTY and LUST. 167

To take the inj'ring Side, by Error brought,
He had no Malice, tho' he has the Fault.
Let the old Tempters find a shameful Grave;
But the Half-innocent, the Tempted save.
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greatest Crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second Time:
And he best follows the Almighty's Will,
Who spares the Guilty he has Pow'r to kill.
When proud Rebellion would unhinge a State,
And wild Disorders in a Land create,
'Tis requisite the first Promoters shou'd
Put out the Flames they kindled with their Blood:
But sure 'tis a Degree of Murder, all
That draw their Swords, should undistinguish'd
fall.

And since a Mercy must to some be shewn,
Let *Charion*, 'mongst the happy few, be one:
For, as none guilty has less Guilt than he,
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea.

When *David's* General had won the Field,
And *Absalom*, the lov'd Ungrateful, kill'd,
The Trumpets sounding, made all Slaughter
cease,

And miss'd *Israelites* return'd in Peace.
The Action past, where so much Blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that Day's Guilt;
But all conclude with the desir'd Event,
The Monarch pardons, and the *Jews* repent.

As great Examples your high Courage warms,
And to illustrious Deeds excites your Arms;
So,

168 CRUELTY and LUST.

So, when you Instances of Mercy view,
They should inspire you with Compassion too :
For he that emulates the truly Brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here, interrupting, stern *Neronior* cry'd,
(Swell'd with Success, and blubber'd up with
Pride)

Madam, his Life depends upon my Will,
For ev'ry Rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said: This Night return
At Ten; perhaps you'll have no Cause to mourn.
Go, see your Husband ; bid him not despair :
His Crime is great ; but you are wond'rous fair.

When anxious Miseries the Soul amaze,
And dire Confusion in the Spirits raise,
Upon the least Appearance of Relief,
Our Hopes revive, and mitigate our Grief.
Impatience makes our Wishes earnest grow,
Which, thro' false Optics, our Deliv'rance shew.
For, while we fancy Danger does appear
Most at a Distance, it is oft too near :
And many Times, secure from obvious Foes,
We fall into an Ambuscade of Woes.

Pleas'd with the false *Neronior's* dark Reply,
I thought the End of all my Sorrows nigh ;
And to the Main-guard hasten'd, where the
Prey

Of this blood-thirsty Fiend in Durance lay.
When *Charion* saw me from his turfy Bed,
With Eagerness he rais'd his drooping Head :
Oh !

CRUELTY and LUST. 169

Oh! fly, my Dear, this guilty Place, he cry'd,
 And in some distant Clime thy Virtue hide!
 Here nothing but the foulest Dæmons dwell,
 The Refuse of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell.
 The Air they breathe is ev'ry Atom curst:
 There's no Degree of Ills; for all are worst.
 In Rapes and Murders they alone delight,
 And Villanies of less Importance slight:
 Act them indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd;
 For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior's Chief of this infernal Crew,
 And seems to merit that high Station too:
 Nothing but Rage and Lust inspire his Breast,
 By *Asmodai* and *Moloc* both possess'd.
 When told you went to interceed for me,
 It threw my Soul into an Agony:
 Not that I would not for my Freedom give
 What's requisite, or do not wish to live;
 But for my Safety I can ne'er be base,
 Or buy a few short Years with long Disgrace:
 Nor would I have your yet unspotted Fame
 For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.
 With Ignominy to preserve my Breath,
 Is worse, by infinite Degrees, than Death.
 But, if I can't my Life with Honour save,
 With Honour I'll descend into the Grave.
 For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
 (As both to fix my Ruin seem to join)
 Yet, maugre all their Violence and Skill,
 I can die just; and I'm resolv'd I will.

I

But,

170 CRUELTY *and* LUST.

But, What is Death, we so unwisely fear ?
 An End of all our busy Tumults here :
 The equal Lot of Poverty and State,
 Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
 Whoe'er the Prospect of Mankind surveys,
 At divers Ages, and by divers Ways,
 Will find them from this noisy Scene retire ;
 Some the first Minute that they breathe, expire :
 Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go ;
 But die, before they Good or Evil know.
 Here one to Puberty arrives ; and then
 Returns lamented to the Dust again :
 Another there maintains a longer Strife
 With all the pow'rful Enemies of Life ;
 Till, with Vexation tir'd, and threescore Years,
 He drops into the Dark, and disappears.
 I'm young indeed, and might expect to see
 Time's future long, and late Posterity.
 'Tis what with Reason I could wish to do,
 If to be old, were to be happy too.
 But since substantial Grief so soon destroys
 The Gust of all imaginary Joys,
 Who would be too importunate to live,
 Or more for Life, than it can merit, give ?

Beyond the Grave stupendous Regions lie,
 The boundless Realms of vast Eternity ;
 Where Minds, remov'd from earthly Bodies,
 dwell ;

But who their Government or Laws can tell ?

What's

CRUELTY and LUST. 171

What's their Employment till the final Doom,
And Time's eternal Period shall come?
Thus much the sacred Oracles declare,
That all are bless'd, or miserable, there:
Tho' if there's such Variety of Fate,
None Good expire too soon, nor Bad too late.
For my own part, with Resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's Will:
Let Him recall the Breath from Him I drew,
When He thinks fit, and when He pleases too.
The Way of Dying is my least Concern;
That will give no Disturbance to my Urn.
If to the Seats of Happiness I go,
There end all possible Returns of Woe:
And when to those blest Mansions I arrive,
With Pity I'll behold those that survive.
Once more I beg, you'd from these Tents re-
treat,

And leave me to my Innocence and Fate.

Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my Flight!
I'll see th' Event of this important Night:
Some strange Presages in my Soul forebode
The worst of Mis'ries, or the greatest Good.
Few Hours will shew the utmost of my Doom;
A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.
If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die:
For when you are to endless Raptures gone,
If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.

172 CRUELTY *and* LUST.

Who will support an injur'd Widow's Right,
 From sly Injustice, or oppressive Might?
 Protect her Person, or her Cause defend?
 She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend.
 I've no Distrust of Providence; but still,
 'Tis best to go beyond the Reach of Ill:
 And those can have no Reason to repent,
 Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
 But, to a World of everlasting Bliss
 Why would you go, and leave me here in this?
 'Tis a dark Passage; but our Foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you:
 That my Behaviour to the last may prove,
 Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
 The Hour approach'd: As to *Neronior's* Tent,
 With trembling, but impatient Steps, I went,
 A thousand Horrors throng'd into my Breast,
 By sad Ideas and strong Fears possess'd.
 Where'er I pass'd, the glaring Lights would
 shew

Fresh Objects of Despair, and Scenes of Woe.

Here, in a Croud of drunken Soldiers, stood
 A wretched, poor, old Man, besmear'd with
 Blood;

And, at his Feet, just thro' the Body run,
 Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son;
 By whose hard Labour he was daily fed,
 Dividing still, with pious Care, his Bread.
 And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
 The sole Support of his decrepid Years,

The

The barb'rous Mob, whose Rage no Limit
knows,

With blasphemous Derision, mock'd his Woes.

There, under a wide Oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in Tears, a mournful Widow fate.
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung;
Beneath, the Children round the Mother clung:
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief;
For all they had to live upon, was Grief.

A Sorrow so intense, such deep Despair,
No Creature, merely human, long could bear.
First in her Arms her weeping Babes she took,
And, with a Groan, did to her Husband look;
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and, sighing,
cry'd,

Pity me, Saviour of the World! and dy'd.

From this sad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers,
mourn'd;

Friends for their Friends, Sisters for Brothers,
wept;

Pris'ners of War, in Chains, for Slaughter kept:
Each ev'ry Hour did the black Message dread,
Which should declare the Person lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth,
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
To Execution led; who hardly bore
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before:
And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curst Tent arriv'd, without Delay,
 They did me to the General convey :
 Who thus began — — —
 Madam, by fresh Intelligence, I find,
 That *Charion's* Treason's of the blackest Kind ;
 And my Commission is express, to spare
 None that so deeply in Rebellion are.
 New Measures therefore 'tis in vain to try ;
 No Pardon can be granted : He must die.
 Must, or I hazard all ; which yet I'd do,
 To be oblig'd in one Request by you :
 And, maugre all the Dangers I foresee,
 Be *mine* this Night, I'll set your *Husband* free.
 Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope Success
 By supple Flatt'ry, and by soft Address :
 The pert, gay Coxcomb, by these little Arts,
 Gains an Ascendant o'er the Ladies Hearts :
 But I can no such whining Methods use ;
Consent, he *lives* ; he *dies*, if you *refuse*.

Amaz'd at this Demand ; said I, The Brave,
 Upon ignoble Terms, disdain to save :
 They let their Captives still with Honour live,
 No more require, than what themselves would
 give :

For, gen'rous Victors, as they scorn to do
 Dishonest Things, scorn to propose 'em too.
 Mercy, the brightest Virtue of the Mind,
 Should with no devious Appetite be join'd ;
 For if, when exercis'd, a Crime it cost,
 Th' intrinsic Lustre of the Deed is lost.

Great

Great Men their Actions of a Piece should have;
 Heroic all, and each entirely brave :

From the nice Rules of Honour none should
 swerve ;

Done, because good, without a mean Reserve.

The Crimes new charg'd upon th' unhappy
 Youth,

May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.

Suppose the Accusation justly brought,

And clearly prov'd to the minutest Thought ;

Yet Mercy's next, to infinite abate,

Offences next, to infinitely great :

And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,

In full Forgiveness not to be confin'd.

Your Prince's Frowns, if you have Cause to fear,

This Act will more illustrious appear ;

Tho' his Excuse can never be withstood,

Who disobeys, but only to be good.

Perhaps the Hazard's more than you express ;

The Glory would be, were the Danger less.

For he that, to his Prejudice, will do

A noble Action, and a gen'rous too,

Deserves to wear a more resplendent Crown,

Than he that has a thousand Battles won.

Do not invert Divine Compassion so,

As to be cruel, and no Mercy shew !

Of what Renown can such an Action be,

Which *saves* my Husband's Life, but *ruins* me ?

Tho', if you finally resolve to stand

Upon so vile, inglorious a Demand,

176 CRUELTY and LUST.

He must submit : If 'tis my Fate to mourn
His Death, I'll bathe with virt'ous Tears his
Urn.

Well, Madam, haughtily, *Neronior* cry'd,
Your Courage and your Virtue shall be try'd.
But to prevent all Prospect of a Flight,
Some of my * *Lambs* shall be your Guard To-
night :

By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd ;
They seldom ask a Favour that's refus'd :
Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virt'ous Tears to shed.
Surrounded with so innocent a Throng,
The Night must pass delightfully along.
And, in the Morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your Husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest Breath,
And gently swing into the Arms of Death.
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due ;
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh, *Celia*, think ! so far as Thought can
shew,

What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,
At this dire Resolution, seiz'd my Breast !
By all Things sad and terrible possess'd.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd ;
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made :

* *Kirke* us'd to call the most inhuman of his Soldiers, his
Lambs.

A Tiger! worfe; for, 'tis beyond Dispute,
 No Fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning Brute.
 Encompas'd thus, and hopeless of Relief,
 With all the Squadrons of Despair and Grief;
 Ruin — it was not possible to shun:
 What could I do? Oh! what would *you* have
 done?

The Hours that pass'd, till the black Morn re-
 turn'd,

With Tears of Blood should be for ever mourn'd.
 When, to involve me with consummate Grief,
 Beyond Expression, and above Belief,
 Madam, the Monster cry'd, that you may find
 I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind,
 Step to the Door, I'll shew you such a Sight,
 Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight.
 Does not that Wretch, who would dethrone his
 King,

Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String?
 You need not now an injur'd Husband dread;
 Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
 'Twas for your Sake I seiz'd upon his Life;
 He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so chaste a
 Wife.

And, Madam, you'll excuse the Zeal I shew,
 To keep that secret none alive should know.
 Curs'd of all Creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
 The Dev'ls, said I, are dull in Cruelty.
 Oh! may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
 And, wasteless, their eternal Hunger feed:!

178 PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE.

In Fires too hot for Salamanders dwell,
The burning Earnest of a hotter Hell !
May that vile Lump of execrable Lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the Dust !
May'st thou, despairing, at the Point of Death,
With Oaths and Blasphemies, resign thy Breath;
And the worst Torments that the Damn'd should
share,

In thine own Person all united bear !

Oh, *Celia* ! Oh, my Friend ! what Age can
shew

Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a Woe ?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here :
But 'tis so vast, that it can ne'er increase,
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE.

A T A L E.

By *Mr. COOKE*.

IN that fair Isle, the Garden of the Main,
Where *Love* extended once his easy Reign,
And where his Queen her Seat of Empire chose,
And to the fabled Goddess Temples rose,

In

In *Cyprus* liv'd, long since, a virtuous Pair,
 The brave *Philander*, and *Cydippe* fair ;
 Of whom the Muse records the mutual Flame,
 The patient Hero, and the constant Dame.
 Young Men, and Virgins, to my Tale draw near,
 Attend a Song fit for a vestal Ear ;
 Approach, ye Parents, who, for sordid Gain,
 Would to detested Bands the Fair constrain ;
 Approach, and from *Agenor's* Story see
 How curs'd the Nuptials, where not Hearts agree:
 And thou, fair * *Annandale*, a-while attend,
 Thou sweet Inspirer, and the Poet's Friend ;
 Where Beauty, like thy own, and Virtue shine,
 Indulge the Muse, and make the Poem thine.

Two Friends in *Cyprus* liv'd, *Philander* one,
 The other *Dion*, rich *Agenor's* Son ;
 Their Friendship early in their Youth began,
 Encreasing daily as they rose to Man ;
 Their blooming Virtues had to each their
 Charms,

Young Heroes both renown'd in Feats of Arms :
 And now the Labours of the Battle end,
Dion, but half alive without his Friend,
 Invites him to his Father's House a Guest ;
Philander, near the Partner of his Breast, }
 Had all he wish'd ; each in the other bless'd. }
 Tho' in *Philander's* Heart, large *Dion's* Share,
 He was not long without a Rival there.

* *Charlotte*, Marchioness of *Annandale*.

180 PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE.

His Sister in his Friend has rais'd a Flame,
A Virgin chaste, and yet a *Cyprian* Dame,
Cydippe, carv'd in ev'ry myrtle Grove,
And call'd the Beauty of the Land of Love.

His Passion long the Warrior had conceal'd,
Nor to the Maid herself his Mind reveal'd :
The nicest Thoughts, which Honour could in-
spire,

The Lover acts by, and corrects his Fire ;
Unjust he thinks, should not the Sire approve,
To tempt a virgin Heart by Force of Love.
Her Brother, and his Friend, the best, he chose,
To whom he should the Secret first disclose.
With tenderest Concern the Brother heard,
But from his Father's Temper much he fear'd,
Rash, covetous, and testy, from his Youth,
And always headstrong, tho' oppos'd by Truth ;
His Friend by Nature mild, of gentlest Kind,
And only rich, there truly rich, in Mind.

Dion, as Prudence taught, *Philander* leaves,
To try the Fair, how she his Love receives.
Cydippe pensive and alone he found,
With her bright Eyes fix'd stedfast on the Ground ;
On her right Hand her rosy Cheek was lay'd,
All in the Posture of a love-sick Maid :
Before the Likeness of the *Cyprian* Queen,
So thoughtful was the Maid, he stood unseen.
From ev'ry Circumstance he judg'd her Mind,
And, long before he heard, her Case divin'd.

He

PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE. 181

He nam'd his Friend, and gently rais'd her
Head,

At which a Blush of Love her Cheeks o'er-
spread :

When of his Visit he the Cause had told,
These Words the Purport of her Mind unfold :
Think you too early I my Heart incline
To Love, forgive me, for the Cause is thine ;
Oft' as I've heard you, eager to commend,
Dwell on the Virtues of your absent Friend,
I wish'd, whene'er it is ordain'd by Fate
I should exchange in Life my virgin State,
Kind Heav'n, in Pity to my Vows, may give
Such Virtues to the Man with whom I live ;
But, since *Philander* to our Father came,
I feel the Dawnings of a virgin Flame :
Tho' blind to what Degree my Lot is cast,
I hope my early Love will be my last.

The Brother heard with Pleasure, and ap-
prov'd,

Each worthy by the other to be lov'd,
Then, hasting first his faithful Friend to cheer,
Told him she listen'd with a willing Ear ;
From him in Transport to his Sire he ran,
To intercede for the deserving Man.
He urg'd his Virtues, and his Form divine,
How high descended of a noble Line,
In Council wise a sinking Land to save,
In War the bravest, and among the Brave.

The

The Father heard, silent a-while he stood,
 Smiling within at Virtue, and at Blood :
 He, long before resolv'd, had doom'd the Fair
 To proud *Agathocles*, a wealthy Heir ;
 Whose Sire, immensely rich in Land and Gold,
 In Bribes, in Perjury, in Rapine, old,
 Had all bequeath'd, when he his Race had run,
 To the dear Likeness of himself, his Son.

While *Dion* pleads, and from a Soul sincere,
 The Cause of Love, before a Judge severe,
 The Lovers, conscious of their mutual Flame,
 By Chance, together opportunely came :
Philander view'd her, and approach'd with Awe ;
 Love press'd him on, nor could the Nymph
 withdraw :

And now the soft Exchange of Hearts began,
 Betwixt the fair one and the godlike Man :
 The Victors both an equal Triumph share,
 The conquer'd Hero, and the vanquish'd Fair.
 While Scenes of Paradise their Thoughts em-
 ploy,

While from their Breasts arise the Sighs of Joy,
 While from their Lips such tender Accents flow,
 As only Lovers speak, or wish to know,
Agenor's Mandate calls the Fair away,
 And at his House forbids *Philander's* Stay :
 And next for proud *Agathocles* he sends,
 And to his Care the wretched Fair commends.
 My future Son, he cry'd, and gave her Hand,
 Take this an Earnest of a stricter Band.

Then

Then turning to the Maid, a Parent's Curse
Be thine, and more, if ought on Earth be worse,
When you refuse in *Hymen's* Rites to join
With him thy Father has allotted thine.

He ended thus, and with a Brow severe.
The Virgin aw'd by Duty and by Fear, }
First turn'd, and wip'd away the falling Tear, }
And then reply'd: To him who gave me Breath,
The Hour my Duty ceases, welcome Death.
The Sire, displeas'd not with her Words, retir'd:
The human Brute, who view'd her Charms
unfir'd,

By native Dulness free from Love's soft Pow'r,
Lik'd, or dislik'd, according to the Dow'r.

While poor *Cydippe*, in the dangerous State,
To lose her Love, or meet a Parent's Hate,
Seeks by her Vows, to her distracting Grief,
From the fair Goddess of the Isle, Relief;
Dion, in Pity to their virtuous Love,
Himself a Brother, and a Friend, to prove, }
Contrives their Meeting in a neighb'ring }
Grove.

He still the happy Moment hopes to find,
To turn to Reason old *Agenor's* Mind;
Or should the Sire persist, he wisely knew,
To Reason only was Obedience due.

The Scene to which the faithful Pair retreat,
At a small Distance from *Agenor's* Seat,
With Myrtle, and with fragrant Jess'mine blows,
And sheds the Sweetness of the damask Rose;
And

184 PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE.

And there the Orange, of a golden Hue,
Breathes to the Smell, and glitters to the View;
The Sweets of Vi'lets rise where'er they rove:
Hence it is call'd the aromatic Grove.

While thro' the Boughs the winged Natives fly
Warbling, a silver Stream runs murm'ring by.
Hither, with Virtue arm'd, the Lovers came,
To sigh their mutual and unspotted Flame;
But they enjoy'd not long the blissful State,
By Jealousy pursu'd, and envious Hate.

Agathocles felt not of Love the Pow'r,
But languish'd daily for the promis'd Dow'r;
Hence the dire Rancour of his Heart began
To him he fear'd, in Love, the happier Man.
Spies he employ'd the Lovers Steps to trace;
Th' appointed Hour he knew, and usual Place.

In an ill-fated Day *Philander* led
The virgin Charmer to the vi'let Bed;
As, former Vows repeated, fresh they made,
In Thought secure beneath the orange Shade,
An Arrow flew, and from a Hand unseen,
And crimson'd with the Lover's Blood the Green.
Cydippe fill'd with Shrieks the neighb'ring Plains,
And gather'd to the Place the Nymphs and
Swains;

The Nymphs and Swains around astonish'd stand;
They know the Youth, and curse the barb'rous
Hand:

They know, and much lament, the lovely Pair,
The brave *Philander* and *Cydippe* fair.

The

PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE. 185

The Hero to their Shed the Swains convey'd,
The Nymphs with Tears support the fainting
Maid.

Soon to her Father's Ears the Rumour flies,
That by a Shaft unknown *Philander* dies :
He hopes, and, cruel ! thence enjoys the Smart,
That Time will rase his Image from her Heart.

Now of her Fate the wretched Maid com-
plains,

And feels of hopeless Love the sharpest Pains ;
A thousand Thoughts against her Peace conspire,
Croud in her Mind, as Fuel feeds the Fire ;
The Grove, the orange Shade, the vi'let Bed,
The native Blue now blushing stain'd with Red :
Now the pale Ghost screaming forsakes the Day ;
She sickens at the Thought, and dies away.

Soon as the first, the dismal, Shock was o'er,
And she was said to live, and scarcely more,
Her Sire, affecting now the tender Man,
Thus from the Softness of his Heart began ;
Daughter, if 'tis your Wish that Name should
last,

Repent, as I forgive, thy Follies pass'd ;
Prepare thyself, since I have fix'd the Hour
When I shall wed thee with an ample Dow'r :
Ten Days I grant thee more, from hence their
Date :

I wait no Answer ; be my Will thy Fate.

Dion, who knew with Grief th' appointed Day,
Advis'd the lovely Mourner to obey,

Till

186 PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE.

Till the last Moment bad her not despair,
 But to the Pow'rs divine prefer the Pray'r,
 The Pow'rs divine her Sorrows might relieve,
 Nor unrewarded let her Virtue grieve :
 Doubt not, my Fair, he cry'd, an Hour to find
 Both to your Virtue, and your Wishes, kind.
 He ended here, but had he told her more,
 Her Virgin Blood had never stain'd the Floor,
 With Patience she had staid till he had us'd
 The Means to rescue Innocence abus'd.

The Maid, to Duty and to Love resign'd,
 Conceals in Silence her distracted Mind :
 Fix'd her Resolves as Fate, she waits the Day,
 Nor lets her Looks, till then, her Heart betray :
 And when the much expected Sun arose,
 That saw the End, *Cydippe*, of thy Woes,
Agathocles appear'd, in all his Pride,
 To take Possession of the promis'd Bride.
 Her Father, Brother, both attend the Maid,
 The Nymph proceeds in virgin White array'd.
 The Temple old *Agenor*, strange to tell !
 To enter thrice assay'd, and thrice he fell ;
 Hence *Dion* would foresee th' approaching Fate,
 And warn his Father e're it was too late ;
 But all in vain ; he will no longer stay,
 But see the Rites perform'd without Delay :
 And now the wretched Bride, the constant Fair,
 Of Hope itself bereft, in wild Despair,
 A Poniard drew, conceal'd beneath her Vest,
 And, turning to her Father, pierc'd her Breast :

The

The Brother, who already felt the Smart,
The Weapon seiz'd before it reach'd her Heart:

Just at the Entrance of the Temple stand
The brave *Philander* and his armed Band,
To bear away, each stedfast in his Cause,
His own by plighted Vows, and Nature's Laws:
Shrieks echo'd from within, at which he flew
Quick to the Altar, where he bled anew;
The Wound he suffer'd from his Rival's Dart
Was slight, compar'd to this, that pierc'd his
Heart.

As in her Lover's Arms *Cydippe* lay,
Charm'd by his Voice again to view the Day,
In his Designs, the stupid Bridegroom, foil'd,
Mutt'ring retir'd, as from a Bargain spoil'd.

Agenor feels inutterable Woes:

Now his wrong Judgment in the Brute he chose,
Philander's Virtues, and reported Death,
In which he joy'd, his Child thought void of
Breath,

Accuse his Soul; his silver Locks he tore,
And throw'd his aged Breast against the Floor: }
Deeply he groan'd his last, and rose no more. }

The pious Tear the Friend and Brother shed;
And they, whom once he wrong'd, bewail'd
him dead;

With Rev'rence they perform his Obsequies,
And bear their Sorrows as besem the Wife.

Soon

Soon as the Maid was from her Wound re-
stor'd,

Her all she yielded to her plighted Lord :
Thrice twenty Seasons blest'd the virtuous Pair,
The brave *Philander*, and *Cydicpe* fair.

COLINETTA.

A PASTORAL.

'T WAS when the Fields had shed their
golden Grain,

And burning Suns had sear'd the Russet-Plain;
No more the Rose nor Hyacinth were seen,
Nor yellow Cowslip on the tufted Green :
But the rude Thistle rear'd its hoary Crown,
And the ripe Nettle shew'd an irksome Brown.
In mournful Plight the tarnish'd Groves appear,
And Nature weeps for the declining Year.
The Sun too quickly reach'd the western Sky,
And rising Vapours hid his ev'ning Eye :
Autumnal Threads around the Branches flew,
While the dry Stubble drank the falling Dew.

In this sick Season, at the Close of Day,
On *Lydia's* Lap pale *Colinetta* lay ;
Whose fallow Cheeks had lost their rosy Dye,
The Sparkles languish'd in her closing Eye.
Parch'd were those Lips whence Music us'd to
flow,

Nor more the Flute her weary Fingers know,
Yet

Yet thrice to raise her feeble Voice she try'd,
 Thrice on her Tongue the fainting Numbers
 dy'd:

At last reviv'd, on *Lydia's* Neck she hung,
 And, like the Swan, expiring thus she sung:

Farewel, ye Forests and delightful Hills,
 Ye flow'ry Meadows, and ye chrystal Rills,
 Ye friendly Groves to whom we us'd to run,
 And beg a Shelter from the burning Sun.
 Those blasted Shades all mournful now I see,
 Whodroop their Heads as tho' they wept for me.
 The pensive Linnet has forgot to sing;
 The Lark is silent till returning Spring.
 The Spring shall all those wonted Charms restore,
 Which *Colinetta* must behold no more.

Farewel, ye Fields; my native Fields adieu;
 Whose fertile Lays my early Labours knew;
 Where, when an Infant, I was wont to stray,
 And gather King-cups at the closing Day.
 How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful Tale,
 By the clear Lake that shines in yonder Vale;
 When she had done, I sung a chearful Lay,
 While the glad Goldfinch listen'd on the Spray;
 Lur'd by my Song each jolly Swain drew near,
 And rosy Virgins throng'd around to hear;
 Farewell, ye Swains; ye rosy Nymphs, adieu:
 Though I, unwilling, leave the Streams and you,
 Still may soft Music bless your happy Shore,
 But *Colinetta* you must hear no more.

O *Lydia*, thou, (if wayward Tongues should
blame

My Life, and blot a harmless Maiden's Name)
Tell them if e'er I found a straggling Ewe,
Altho' the Owner's Name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my Father's Hay,
And gave it Shelter at the closing Day:
I never stole young Pigeons from their Dams,
Nor from their Pasture drove my Neighbours
Lambs:

Nor set my Dog to hunt their Flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant Lay.
When *Phillida* by dancing won the Prize,
Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana's* Eyes;
When *Damon* wedded *Urs'la* of the Grange,
My Cheek with Envy ne'er was seen to change:
Whene'er I saw *Aminda* cross the Plain,
Or walk the Forest with her darling Swain,
I never whisper'd to a Stander-by,
But hated Scandal, and abhorr'd a Lye.
On *Sundays* I (as Sister *Sue* can tell)
Was always ready for the Sermon-Bell:
I honour'd both the Teacher and the Day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then sure for me there's something good in store,
When *Colinetta* shall be seen no more.

When I am gone, I leave to Sister *Sue*
My Gown of Jersey, and my Aprons blue.
My studded Sheep-hook *Phillida* may take,
Likewise my Hay-fork and my hazle Rake:

My

My hoarded Apples and my Winter Pears
 Be thine, O *Lydia*, to reward thy Cares.
 These Nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder
 Tree,

And this Straw-basket, I bequeath to thee :
 That Basket did these dying Fingers weave :
 My boxen Flute to *Corydon* I leave,
 So shall it charm the list'ning Nymphs around,
 For none like him can make it sweetly sound.

In our Churchyard there grows a spreading
 Yew,

Whose dark green Leaves distil a baneful Dew :
 Be those sad Branches o'er my Grave reclin'd,
 And let these Words be graven on the Rind :

“ Mark, gentle Reader,—— Underneath this
 “ Tree,

“ There sleeps a Maid, old *Simon's* Daughter
 “ she ;

“ Thou too, perhaps, e'er many Weeks be o'er,
 “ Like *Colinetta*, shalt be seen no more.”

Here ends the Maid — for now the Seal of
 Death

Clos'd her pale Lips and stopp'd her rosy Breath.
 Her sinking Eye-balls took their long Adieu,
 And with a Sigh her harmless Spirit flew.

The

*The MISERABLE GLUTTON; or,
the Pleasures of Sense, dependent on
Virtue.*

A T A L E.

By Mr. H. GREVILLE.

AS *Carlos* gay, a youthful Sage,
Who reads of Men the living Page,
And jocund smiles, and jests, and sings,
And laughs at Knaves, and pities Kings,
At *White's* one Winter's Evening sat,
And Morals mixt with various Chat,
More bold than wise, a thoughtless Rake
Took Snuff, and thus elated spake :
Pox take the Whims of canting Knaves,
Whose specious Talk wou'd make us Slaves—
Themselves (in public something shy)
Love sensual Joys as well as I :
I, who the Mask have thrown aside,
And all their threaten'd Pains defy'd,
Ask but the thrilling Joys of Sense,
To others drop the vain Pretence.
He ceas'd, and rose from where he sat,
Took Snuff again, and cock'd his Hat.
Our Friend, who scorn'd to fear or flatter,
Cry'd, Sir, you quite mistake the Matter ;

You

The MISERABLE GLUTTON. 193

You seem'd to say (tho' much to blame)
Excess and *Pleasure* is the same;
When 'tis an easy Task to show
They differ wide as Friend and Foe.
The *first* alone our Censure draws,
The *last* inlists in Virtue's Cause;
Not *sensual* Bliss can Vice bestow,
Tho' this the meanest known below,
But, if to please you I shou'd own
The Joys of Sense are Joys alone;
What if I prove it full and plain
That *Virtue* these will surest gain?
" I'd then (reply'd the Rake, and swore)
" Be strictly virtuous evermore"—
The Joys of *Taste* they both agree
The Preacher's present Theme should be.
This fix'd—— The gay Philosopher began
A Tale to please and mend the Man.

Some three-score Years ago, or more,
An *Heir* possess'd a *Miser's* Store,
Who, living, ne'er bestow'd one Doit
To teach his Child to think aright:
He learnt to spell, as some have said,
But none pretend he ever read.
This Dunce— (I'm loth to tell ye) too,
Of Pleasure, Sir, thought just like you:
Rejoic'd to find his Father dead,
"Till then on thrifty Viands fed;
Three Cooks he hires, whose dext'rous Skill
Could teach the Staff of Life to kill.

K

They

194 *The MISERABLE GLUTTON.*

They dress'd him Food a thousand Ways,
 And much their Pay, and much their Praise.
 Unnumber'd Dishes crown'd his Board,
 With ev'ry nameless Kickshaw stor'd.
 He eats—and longs to eat again,
 But sighs for Appetite in vain :
 From Morn to Night, or Meat or Drink,
 Perpetual fill'd up ev'ry Chink——
 Sure this is Bliss, he still believes
 In that, which still his Hope deceives.
 He relish'd nothing—— sickly grew,
 Yet longs to taste of something new.——
 It chanc'd in this disastrous Case,
 One Morn betimes he join'd the Chace ;
 Far o'er the distant Lawns they fly,
 And soon more distant Lawns are nigh.
 A Forest next before 'em lay,
 He left behind, mistook his Way ;
 Alone he long bewilder'd rode,
 And found a Peasant's poor Abode.
 But Fasting kept from Six to Four,
 Felt Hunger, long unfelt before——
 The friendly Swain this Want supply'd,
 And *Joan* some Eggs and Bacon fry'd.
 Not dainty now, the 'Squire in Haste
 Fell to, and prais'd their sav'ry Taste.
 Nay, swore his Meal had such a Goût
 He ne'er in Tarts and Oglío's knew,
 Rejoic'd to think he'd found a Dish,
 Which crown'd his long unanswer'd Wish,
With

The MISERABLE GLUTTON. 195

With Gold his thankful Host he paid,
Who guides him back from whence he stray'd.
But e're they part (so well he din'd)
Th' obsequious Swain the 'Squire enjoin'd,
Next Day, to send him Home a Stock
Of those fine Eggs, that charming Hock.

The Cargo comes, which when he saw,
He smil'd with Joy, *and blest his Maw.*
If these at Course the third were brought,
Their Pow'r wou'd raise the Feast, he thought.
Next Day, obedient to his Word,
The Dish appear'd at Course the third :
But Matters now were alter'd quite,
In Bed till Noon he stretch'd the Night.
Took Chocolate at ev'ry Dose,
And just at Twelve his Worship rose :
Then eat a Toast, and sip'd Bohea
Till One, and sat to dine at Three ;
And having tasted some half-score
Of costly Things he loath'd before,
He hop'd his Dish of sav'ry Meat
Wou'd prove that still, 'twas *Bliss* to eat.
But ah ! he finds, like all the rest,
These Eggs were tasteless Things at best.
This Bacon not a Dog could touch,
So rank——he never tasted such.
He sends exprefs to fetch the Clown,
And thus accosts him with a Frown :
“ These Eggs, this Bacon, that you sent,
“ For Christian's Food were never meant :

196 *The MISERABLE GLUTTON.*

“ As soon I’ll think the Moon’s a Cheefe,
 “ As those you dress’d, the same with these.
 “ I little thought”—— Sir, says the Peasant,
 I’m glad your Worship is so pleasant.
 You joke, I’m sure— for I can swear,
 The same the Fowls that laid ’em are ;
 And know as well that all the Bacon,
 From one, the self-same Hog, was taken.
 The Air, indeed, about our Green,
 Is known to make the Stomach keen.
 “ Is that the Case ?”—— the ’Squire reply’d,
 “ That Air shall be directly try’d :”
 He gives Command— a Lodging’s hir’d,
 And down he goes, with Hope inspir’d ;
 And takes his Cooks— a fav’rite Train !
 But still they ply their Art in vain.
 Perhaps ’twas Riding did the Feat——
 He rides, but still he cannot eat.
 At last a Friend, to Physic bred,
 Perceiv’d his Case— and thus he said :
 “ Dear Sir— I’ve long employ’d my Mind,
 “ The Cause of your Complaint to find ;
 “ And, by my Art, at last am sure,
 “ A Charm alone must work the Cure.
 “ Be rul’d by me, you soon shall eat,
 “ With hearty Goût, the plainest Meat.”
 The ’Squire consents— the Doctor straight
 Prescribes this simple cheap Receipt.

A Pint of Milk, each rising Morn,
 Procure from Cow of fable Horn :

Shake

Shake in three Drops of Morning Dew,
From Twig of ever verdant Yew ;
It must by your own Hand be done,
Your Face turn'd Westward from the Sun.
With this, ere half an Hour is past,
Well crumb'd with Biscuit, break your Fast,
Which done, from Food (or all is vain)
For twice three Hours and one abstain.
Then dine on one substantial Dish,
(If plainly dress'd) of Flesh or Fish :
Nor needs it that you be deny'd
A Pudding or a Tart beside.
I'll stake my Life, this Course pursue,
And none shall eat with higher Goût.
Grave look'd the Doctor as he spake,
The 'Squire concludes th' Advice to take.
Betimes he rose to shake the Yew,
Before the Sun exhal'd the Dew ;
Then took the salutary Dose,
His other Orders follow'd close ;
And, cheated into Temp'rance, found
The Bliss his former Lux'ry drown'd.
Yet still he long'd for something more,
And grudg'd to give his Dainties o'er—
He found his Cure compleat, and thence,
To change his Breakfast, form'd Pretence :
Next adds a Dish or two at Noon,
And reach'd his usual Number soon.
For what! should he, with Thousands Ten
Per Annum, eat like other Men !

198 *The MISERABLE GLUTTON.*

It must not be, his Worship thought,
So liv'd as he opin'd he ought.

Relaps'd—and, ere the Year was out,
Became immortal—by the Gout——

See then the Joy which Vice pretends her
own,

Fade at her Touch, by Virtue nurs'd alone.

Virtue—whose Steps the truly wise attend,

Sure Guide to Bliss, a never-failing Friend.

Each Step from Virtue is a Step to Pain,

Thus *Paul* affirms, “That Godliness is Gain.”

Howe'er distinguish'd, and howe'er disguis'd,

Virtue, the Source of Bliss, is known and priz'd—

Not her's the silent solitary Cell,

Where useless Men in dull Inaction dwell :

Not her's the Zealot's voluntary Woe,

Who dreams that Heaven abhors its Works
below.

Or rueful Visage, or dejected Air,

Or broken Slumber, or the Midnight Prayer :

Eternal Smiles adorn her chearful Face,

And Peace and Charity's immortal Grace—

Sneer on ye Foplings— but remember *this* ;

The Foes of *Virtue* are the Foes of *Bliss*.

*The UNHAPPY DEBAUCHEE ; the
Sequel to the Miserable Glutton.*

A T A L E.

OUR *Smart*, of late so bold so gay,
Had listen'd half his *Airs* away ;
And thus, in milder *Tone*, express
The *Tenor* of his alter'd *Breast* :
“ Inform'd, convinc'd, corrected too—
“ Tho' keen your *Words*, your *Theme* pursue,
“ Prove (that no *Doubt* may yet remain)
“ Love's sweetest *Joys* the *Virtuous* gain ;
“ Tell me, if grateful *Change* bestows
“ No sprightlier *Joys* than *Marriage* knows—
“ Can Love, the *cordial Drop of Life*,
“ Be tasted, when allay'd with *Wife*?—
“ Or does your nobler *Scheme* admit
“ (For you with *Judgment* mingle *Wit*)
“ That *Marriage* is the *Priest's Device*,
“ Or took from *Politics* its *Rise* ?
“ Speak frankly, for I long to see
“ This knotty *Point* from *Error* free.”

Pleas'd with the *Theme*, an ardent *Red*
O'er *Carlos's* youthful *Cheeks* was spread ;
And thus impatient of *Delay*,
He gave his gen'rous *Purpose* *Way* :
If *Marriage Law*, that censur'd *Band*,
The *Priest* or *Politician* plann'd ;
I'll not enquire, but trust to show,
Did thoughtless *Men* their *Interest* know,

200 *The* UNHAPPY DEBAUCHEE.

Without that Law's compulsive Force,
They'd take one faithful Fair of Course.

For this a moral Tale I chuse,
As told by *Greville's* fabling Muse,
Who says, (but Poets 'often dream)
That Love himself supply'd the Theme :
To Love his chosen Hours belong,
And Rapture thus preludes his Song.
' Say, blooming God of chaste Desire,
' On whom descends thy sacred Fire ?
' Oh ! teach my Pen, with Skill divine,
' To draw the nice dividing Line
' Between thy gen'rous social Flame,
' And that which basely steals the Name—
' Thyself unknown, unknown thy Bliss,
' To him who ruins with a Kiss :
' Thy Joy from Joy imparted flows,
' Far from *his* Heart, who scatters Woes !
' Whose Love is Hate in deep Disguise ;
' Whose Bliss, what none but Fools can
 ' prize—
' But hark—my Pray'r is heard above,
' And thus replies the God of Love ;
' Nor mystic Phrase in *Delphic* Strain
' Affects—his Tale is simple, plain.'——
" A Youth, with Wit and Sense endow'd,
" By Fortune rais'd above the Croud ;
" As yet a Rebel to *my* Sway——
" His Mistress changing with the Day,

" Pur-

“ Pursu’d a Bliss he long’d to find,
“ Thro’ all the worst of Womankind :
“ If then Variety could bless,
“ ’Tis sure he tasted Happiness.
“ But still, review’d by mental Sight,
“ He loath’d the Follies of the Night ;
“ Whom late he circled with his Arms,
“ By Mem’ry view’d, no longer Charms :
“ His Time, Disgust and Madness share,
“ No Woman now, now *all* are fair.
“ His cooler Thoughts, by this Pursuit,
“ Perceiv’d the Man debas’d to Brute.
“ He own’d, the Pain Reflection brought,
“ Surpass’d the fleeting Joys he caught ;
“ And found, his nobler Part the Soul,
“ Those Joys it should improve, controul ;
“ A Loser he, by all that Heav’n
“ More than to Beast to Man has giv’n ;
“ The reas’ning, the reflecting Art,
“ The Pow’rs that grace his better Part ;
“ Till, so I will’d (ye Rakes beware,
“ And shun the Fate he liv’d to bear)
“ His Heart a faithless Wanton stole,
“ He’s now a Lover from his Soul.
“ The sensual Bliss (his All before)
“ Was trivial now, he sighs for more ;
“ For tender Sentiments enquires,
“ And Thoughts that glow’d with purer Fires,
“ The mingled Wish, the mutual Trust
“ Of Love that’s delicately just ;

202 *The* UNHAPPY DEBAUCHEE.

" For these he fought, but fought in vain,
 " She thus reply'd, and mock'd his Pain."
 " Cease thus to feign what Women feel,
 " The Breasts of faithless Men are Steel;
 " That thus I've lov'd and love, is true,
 " But hate the treach'rous Object too.
 " The Man yet lives who whisper'd oft,
 " The Tales you tell, and sigh'd as soft;
 " By him deceiv'd, despis'd, undone,
 " I learnt that Men ne'er fix'd to one:
 " Eternal Love he vow'd, and you
 " Eternal Love will promise too,
 " Will wed, perhaps, and doat a while;
 " Then loath and scorn, upbraid with Guile;
 " As endless Whim and Caprice lead,
 " And make me thus a Wretch indeed.
 " Love like a Man, without a Mask,
 " An Hour—nor more of Woman ask:
 " When sportive Dalliance you design,
 " I am, and all my Charms are thine;
 " But never dream thy Slave I'll be,
 " Tho' lost, I will at least be free—
 " With those who smile, I'll smile as gay,
 " From those who frown, I'll turn away.
 " Be wise, and own whom Man deceiv'd,
 " Is worthy still to be believ'd.—

" Stung to the Heart with jealous Rage,
 " Which Thought could never yet assuage;
 " He thus (for Love with Truth inspires)
 " Condemn'd the Rage of lawless Fires.

" Ac-

The UNHAPPY DEBAUCHEE. 203

“ Accurs’d the Wretch to Love unknown,
“ (For Love makes others Good our own,
“ Appropriates all the Pains and Cares,
“ Its darling Object knows or bears)
“ Who first, from Virtue’s Path betray’d,
“ Her flow’ry Path ! the trusting Maid ;
“ Of whose few Faults ’twas then the worst
“ What seem’d a Lover’s Voice to trust :
“ That, strongly urg’d, she stole one Night
“ Of Marriage Bliss before the Rite ;
“ And deem’d his Words in Jest no more,
“ When to fulfil that Rite he swore.
“ He who despoil’d a Virgin’s Mind
“ Of all that’s modest, gentle, kind,
“ And left instead, with wild Despair,
“ Sad Guests ! the Fury Passions, there ;
“ Her Joy and mine, to Age from Youth,
“ The spotless Wish, the spotless Truth,
“ I mourn beyond Retrieve destroy’d ;
“ Which not the Thief himself enjoy’d.
“ So the mad Rout of hostile Bands,
“ With Ruin blast the conquer’d Lands ;
“ Uncheck’d, indulge a furious Joy,
“ And what they can’t possess, destroy.
“ And thus the fertile Banks of *Nile*
“ Were once th’ insidious *Locust*’s Spoil ;
“ The Land *before* as *Eden* fair,
“ *Behind*, a Desert, waste and bare.
“ Some Ease this keen Invective gave,
“ Yet still to hopeless Love a Slave ;

“ His

204 *The* UNHAPPY DEBAUCHEE.

“ His Wish no other Object found,
“ Where Wealth endow’d, or Beauty crown’d.
“ Too wise to court the Wanton more,
“ Too weak to give his Passion o’er,
“ To foreign Wars he frantic flew,
“ Bade Peace, and Rest, and Friends, Adieu;
“ Where desperate with the Brave he vy’d,
“ The Wound he fought he found, and dy’d.”
See then the Weight in *Virtue’s* Scale,
And let me thus apply the Tale:
’Till Love bestows the Blessings of his Reign,
In varied Beauty, Bliss we seek in vain;
But when he fills th’ irradiated Breast,
To one we fix, regardless of the rest.
The Joy that smiling *Virtue* owns, secure
A Joy sublime, and permanent, and sure.—
See and confess, to hood-wink’d Folly kind,
Heav’n’s friendly Laws were made to lead the
Blind:
And those who see, were every Law to cease,
Wou’d tread the Path, those Laws prescribe, to
Peace;
To Bliss! that Bliss which wretched Wand’ers
lose,
Who, rashly bold, those faithful Guides refuse.

ROBIN.

R O B I N.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

By Capt. JOHN DOBSON.

DOWN by the Brook which glides thro'
yonder Vale,

His Hair all matted, and his Cheeks all pale,
Robin, sad Swain ! by Love and Sorrow pain'd,
Of slighted Vows, and *Susan*, thus complain'd.

Hear me, ye Groves, who saw me blest so late;
Echo, ye Hills, my sad Reverse of Fate :
Ye Winds, that bear my Sighs, soft Murmurs
send ;

Come pay me back, ye Streams, the Drops I lend.
And you, sweet *Susan*, Source of all my Smart,
Bestow some Pity on a broken Heart.

Happy the Times, by painful Mem'ry blest,
When you possessing, *Robin* all possess'd.
Pass'd by your Side, each Day brought new De-
light,

And one sweet Slumber shorten'd ev'ry Night.
My Play your Service, for no Toil seem'd hard,
When your kind Favour was the hop'd Reward.
I rose to Milking, tho' 'twas ne'er so cool ;
I call'd the Cows up ; I kept off the Bull :
Home on my Head I bore the Pail upright ;
The Pail was heavy, but Love made it light.
And when you spilt the Milk, and 'gan to cry,
I took the Blame, and simply said 'twas I.

When

When by the Haycock's Side you sleeping lay,
 Sent by good Angels, there I chanc'd to stray,
 Just as a loathsome Adder rear'd his Crest,
 To dart his Poison in your lilly Breast;
 Strait with a Stone I crush'd the Monster's Head;
 You wak'd, and fainted, tho' you found him dead.
 Then from the Pond I Water brought apace,
 My Hat brimful, and dash'd it in your Face:
 Still, blue as Bilberry, your cold Lips did quake,
 Till my warm Kisses call'd the Cherry back.

When looking thro' his Worship's Garden
 Gate,

Ripe Peaches tempted, and you long'd to eat;
 Tho' the grim Mastiff growl'd, and sternly stalk'd,
 Tho' Guns were loaded, and old Madam walk'd;
 Nor Dogs, nor Darknes, Guns or Ghosts,
 could fright,

When *Robin* ventur'd for his *Sue*'s Delight:
 Joyful of Midnight, quick I post away,
 Leap the high Wall, and fearless pluck the Prey;
 Down in your Lap, a plenteous Show'r they fall,
 Glad you receiv'd them, and you eat them all.

When Fair-day came, I donn'd my *Sunday*
 Suit,

Brush'd the best Pillion clean, and saddled *Cut*.
 Then up we got; you clung about my Waist;
 Pleas'd to be hugg'd, I charg'd you clip me fast:
 And when you loos'd your Hold, and backward
 slipp'd,

I held your Petticoats, and never peep'd.

The

The posied Garters, and the Top-knot fine,
The golden Gingerbread,— and all was mine :
I paid the Puppet-show, the Cakes, the Sack ;
And, fraught with Fairings, brought you laugh-
ing back.

Susan but spoke, and each gay Flow'r was
there,

To dress her Bough-pot, or adorn her Hair :
For her the choicest of the Woods I cull,
Sloes, Hips, and Strawberries, her Belly full.
My Hoard of Apples I to her confest ;
My Heart was her's, well might she have the rest.

And *Susan* well approv'd her *Robin's* Care ;
Yes, you was pleas'd ; at least you said you were.
In Love's soft Fire you seem'd like me to burn,
And sooth'd my Fondness with a kind Return.
At our long Table, when we sat to dine,
You stretch'd your Knees, and mingled Feet
with mine ;

With fattest Bacon you my Trencher ply'd,
And slic'd me Pudding from the plummy Side ;
And well I wot when our small Beer was stale,
You stole into the Barn, and brought me Ale.

But oh ! the Soldier, Blaster of my Hopes !
(Curse on Pretending Kings, and *Papish* Popes)
He came from *Flanders* with the red-coat Crew,
To fight with Rebels, and he conquer'd you.
His Dowlas Ruffles, and his Copper Lace,
His Brick-dust Stockings, and his brazen Face,

These

These are the Charms for which you slight my
Youth ;

Charms much too potent for a Maiden's Truth !
Soon on the feather'd Fool you turn'd your Eyes ;
Eager you listen'd to the Braggard's Lies :
And, scorning me, your Heart to him resign,
Your faithless Heart, by Vows and Service,
mine.

True, he is gone, by our brave Duke's Com-
mand,

To humble *Britain's* Foes in foreign Land :
Ah, what is that ? The Spoiler bears away
The only Thing, for which 'twas worth to stay.

But Sorrow's dry ;—I'll flake it in the Brook—
O well-a-day ! how frightful pale I look !
Care's a Consumer (so the Saying speaks)
The Saying's true ; I read it in my Cheeks.
Fie, I'll be chearful, 'tis a fancied Pain ;
A Flame so constant cannot meet Disdain !
I'll wash my Face, and shake off foul Despair,
My Love is kind ; alas ! I would she were.

Well says our Parson ; and our Parson said,
True Love and Tythes should ever well be paid,
Susan, from you my Heart shall never roam,
If your's be wand'ring, quickly call it Home.

The STATUES; *or, the* TRIAL
of CONSTANCY.

A TALE for the LADIES.

IN a fair Island on the southern Main,
Blest with indulgent Skies, and kindly Rain,
A Princess liv'd, of Origin divine,
Of Bloom celestial, and Imperial Line.

In that sweet Season, when the mounting Sun
Prepares with Joy, his radiant Course to run,
Led by the Graces, and the dancing Hours,
And wakes to Life the various Race of Flow'rs,
The lovely Queen forsook her shining Court,
For rural Scenes, and healthful sylvan Sport.

It so befel, that as in chearful Talk
Her Nymphs, and she, pursu'd their Ev'ning
Walk,

On the green Margin of the ouzy Deep,
They found a graceful Youth dissolv'd in Sleep,
Whose Charms the Queen survey'd with fond
Delight,

And hung enamour'd o'er the pleasing Sight :
By her Command the Youth was strait convey'd,
And, sleeping, softly in her Palace laid.

Now ruddy Morning purpled o'er the Skies,
And beamy Light unseal'd the Stranger's Eyes,
Who cry'd aloud, Ye Gods unfold this Scene !
Where am I? what can all these Wonders mean?

Scarce

210 *The S T A T U E S ; or, the*

Scarce had he spoke— when, with officious
Care,

Attendant Nymphs a fragrant Bath prepare.
He rose, he bath'd, and on his lovely Head,
Ambrosial Sweets, and precious Oil, they shed.
To deck his polish'd Limbs a Robe they brought,
In all the various Dyes of Beauty wrought ;
Then led him to the Queen, who, on a Throne
Of burnish'd Gold, and beamy Di'monds shone.
But O ! what Wonder seiz'd her beauteous Guest !
What Love, what Extasy, his Soul possess'd !
Entranc'd he stood, and on his salt'ring Tongue
Imperfect Words, and half-form'd Accents hung :
Nor less the Queen the blooming Youth admir'd,
Nor less Delight, and Love, her Soul inspir'd.

O Stranger, said the Queen, if hither driv'n
By adverse Winds, or sent a Guest from Heav'n ;
To me the Wretched never sue in vain,
This fruitful Isle acknowledges my Reign :
Then speak thy Wishes, and thy Wants declare,
And no Denial shall attend thy Pray'r.
She paus'd, and blush'd—the Youth his Silence
broke,

And, kneeling, thus the charming Queen bespoke:

O Goddess ! for a Form so bright as thine
Speaks thee descended of celestial Line ;
Low at your Feet a prostrate King behold,
Whose faithless Subjects sold his Life for Gold ;
I fly a cruel Tyrant's lawless Hand,
And shipwreck drove my Vessel on your Strand.

But

TRIAL of CONSTANCY. 211

But why shou'd I complain of Fortune's Frowns?
Or what are Titles, Honours, Scepters, Crowns,
To this sweet Moment? while, in fond Amaze,
On such transporting Excellence I gaze :
Such Symmetry of Shape ! so fair a Face !
Such finish'd Elegance ! such perfect Grace !
Hear, then, my only Wish, and O ! approve
The ardent Pray'r which supplicates thy Love.

From *Neptune*, know O Prince, my Birth I
claim,

Replies the Queen, and *Lucida's* my Name :
This Island, these attendant Nymphs he gave,
The fair-hair'd Daughters of the azure Wave.
But he, whose Fortune gains me for a Bride,
Must have his Constancy severely try'd.

One Day, each Moon, am I compell'd to go
To my great Father's wat'ry Realms below,
Where coral Groves celestial Red display,
And blazing Di'monds emulate the Day.
In this short Absence, if your Love endures,
My Heart and Empire are for ever yours ;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your Truth,
Shall crown you with immortal Bloom and
Youth :

But instant Death will on your Falshood wait,
Nor can my Tenderness prevent your Fate.

Twice twenty Times in Wedlock's sacred
Band,
My Royal Father join'd my plighted Hand ;

Twice

212 *The S T A T U E S ; or, the*

Twice twenty noble Youths, alas ! are dead,
Who, in my Absence, stain'd the nuptial Bed :
Your Virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler
Throne,

But mine is yielded on these Terms alone.

Delightful Terms ! reply'd the raptur'd Youth,
Accept my Constancy, my endless Truth.
Perfidious, faithless Men ! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the Fate by which they dy'd :
Accept a Heart incapable of Change,
Thy Beauty shall forbid Desire to range ;
No other Form shall to my Eye seem fair,
No other Voice attract my list'ning Ear ;
No Charms, but thine, shall e'er my Soul ap-
prove,

So aid thy Vot'ry, potent God of Love.

Now loud Applauses thro' the Palace ring,
The duteous Subjects hail their godlike King ;
To feastful Mirth they dedicate the Day,
While tuneful Voices chant the nuptial Lay :
Love-dittied Airs hymn'd by the vocal Choir,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling Lyre.

But when the Sun descending sought the Main,
And low-brow'd Night assum'd her silent Reign,
They to the Marriage-bed convey'd the Bride,
And laid the raptur'd Bridegroom by her Side.

Now rose the Sun, and, with auspicious Ray,
Dispell'd the dewy Mists, and gave the Day ;
When *Lucida*, with anxious Care oppress'd,
Thus wak'd her sleeping Lord from downy Rest:
Soul

TRIAL of CONSTANCY. 213

Soul of my Soul, and Monarch of my Heart,
This Day, she cry'd, this fatal Day we part;
Yet if your Love untainted you retain,
We soon shall meet in Happiness again,
To part no more, but rolling Years employ
In circling Bliss, and never fading Joy.
Alas! my boding Soul is lost in Woe,
And from my Eyes the Tears unbidden flow.

Joy of my Life, dismiss those needless Fears,
Reply'd the King, and stay those precious Tears.
Should lovely *Venus* leave her native Sky,
And at my Feet, imploring Fondness, lie;
Ev'n she, the radiant Queen of soft Desires,
Should disappointed burn with hopeless Fires.

The Heart of Man the Queen's Experience
knew

Perjur'd and false, yet wish'd to find him true;
She sigh'd retiring, and in regal State
The King conducts her to the Palace Gate,
Where sacred *Neptune's* crystal Chariot stands,
The wond'rous Work of his celestial Hands.
Six harness'd Swans the bright Machine convey
Swift thro' the Air; or pathless watry Way,
The Birds with Eagle-speed the Air divide,
And plunge the Goddess in the sounding Tide.

Slow to the Court the pensive King returns,
And sighs in secret, and in Silence mourns.
So in the Grove sad *Philomel* complains,
In mournful Accents, and melodious Strains;

Her

214 *The STATUES; or, the*

Her plaintive Sorrows fill the sounding Lawn,
From starry Vesper, to the rosy Dawn.

The King, to mitigate his tender Pain,
Seeks the Apartment of the Virgin Train,
With sportive Mirth sad Absence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy Moments smile;
But there, deserted lonely Rooms he found,
And solitary Silence reign'd around.

He call'd aloud—when lo! a Hag appears,
Bending beneath Deformity and Years;
Who said, My Liege, explain your sacred Will,
With Joy your sov'reign Purpose I fulfil.
My Will—detested Wretch!—avoid my Sight,
And hide that hideous Shape in endless Night.
What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude Dis-
trust,

Resolve by Force to keep a Husband just?

You wrong, reply'd the Hag, your royal Wife,
Whose Care is Love, and Love to guard your Life:
The Race of Mortals are by Nature frail,
And strong Temptations with the best prevail.
Be that my Care, he said, be thine to send
The Virgin Train, let them my Will attend.

The Beldam fled, the chearful Nymphs ad-
vance,

And tread to measur'd Airs the mazy Dance:
The raptur'd Prince, with greedy Eye, surveys
The bloomy Maids, and covets still to gaze.
No more recalls the Image of his Spouse,
How false is Man! nor recollects his Vows;
With

TRIAL of CONSTANCY. 215

With wild Inconstancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry Nymph subdues his Soul by Turns.

At length a Maid superior to the rest,
Array'd in Smiles, in Virgin Beauty drest,
Receiv'd his Passion, and return'd his Love,
And softly woo'd him to the silent Grove.

Enclos'd in deepest Shade of full-grown
Wood,

Within the Grove a spacious Grotto stood,
Where forty Youths in Marble seem'd to
mourn,

Each Youth reclining on a Fun'ral Urn;
Thither the Nymph directs the Monarch's Way,
He treads her Footsteps, joyful to obey;
There, fir'd with Passion, clasp'd her to his
Breast,

And thus the Transport of his Soul confess:
Delightful Beauty! deckt with ev'ry Charm
High Fancy paints, or glowing Love can form!
I sigh! I gaze! I tremble! I adore!
Such lovely Looks ne'er blest my Sight before!
Here under Covert of th' embow'ring Shade,
For Love's Delights and tender Transports made,
No busy Eye our Raptures to detect,
No envious Tongue to censure, or direct;
Here yield to Love, and tenderly employ
The silent Season in extatic Joy.

With Arms enclasp'd his Treasure to retain,
He woo'd, and sigh'd, but sigh'd and woo'd in
vain;

She

216 *The* S T A T U E S ; *or, the*

She rush'd indignant from his fond Embrace,
While Rage with Blushes paints her lovely Face;
Yet still he sues with suppliant Hands and Eyes,
While she to magic Charms for Vengeance flies.

A limpid Fountain murmur'd thro' the Cave,
She fill'd her Palm with the translucent Wave,
And sprinkling cry'd, Receive, false Man, in
Time,

The just Reward of thy detested Crime.

Thy changeful Sex in Perfidy delight,
Despise Perfection, and fair Virtue slight;
False, fickle, base, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whose Hearts nor Vows can chain, nor Honour
bind :

Mad to possess, by Passion blindly led,
And then as mad to stain the nuptial Bed;
Whose roving Souls no Excellence, no Age,
No Form, no Rank, no Beauty can engage:
Slaves to the Bad, to the Deserving worst,
Sick of your twentieth Love, as of your first.
The Statues which this hallow'd Grot adorn,
Like thee were Lovers, and like thee forsworn,
Whose faithless Hearts no Kindness cou'd se-
cure,

Nor for a Day preserve their Passion pure;
Whom neither Love nor Beauty cou'd restrain,
Nor Fear of endless Infamy and Pain.
In me behold thy Queen! for know, with Ease
The Deities assume each Form they please;

Nor

Nor can the feeble Ray of mortal Eyes
Perceive the latent Goddess in Disguise.
Now feel the Force of Heav'n's avenging Hand,
And here inanimate for ever stand.

She spoke—amaz'd the list'ning Monarch
stood,
And icy Horror froze his ebbing Blood,
Thick Shades of Death upon his Eye-lids creep,
And clos'd them fast in everlasting Sleep;
No Sense of Life, no Motion he retains,
But fix'd, a dreadful Monument remains:
A Statue now, and if reviv'd once more,
Wou'd prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as before.

*The African Prince, in England, **
to ZARA, at his Father's Court.

PRinces, my Fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous Vassalage of State,
Whene'er the Public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domestic Bliss, and break the private Tie.
Fame

* Capt. ----- trafficking on the Coast of *Africa*, went up
the Country, where he was introduced to a *Moorish* King, who
had 40,000 Men under his Command. This Prince being
taken with the polite Behaviour of the *English*, entertained
them with the greatest Civility; and at last repos'd such Confi-
dence

218 *The African Prince, in England,*
Fame pays with empty Breath the Toils they bear,
And Love's soft Joys are chang'd for glorious
Care.

Yet conscious Virtue, in the silent Hour,
Rewards the Hero with a nobler Dower.
For this, alone, I dar'd the roaring Sea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
But while my Bosom feels the nobler Flame,
Still unrepov'd, it owns thy gentler Claim.
'Tho' Virtue's awful Form my Soul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, *Zara*, that it loves.
A private Lot had made the Claim but one,
The Prince alone must Love, for Virtue, shun.
Ah! why, distinguish'd from the happier Crowd,
To me the Bliss of Millions disallow'd?
Why was I singled for Imperial Sway,
Since Love and Duty point a diff'rent Way?

dence in the Captain, as to entrust him with his Son, about eighteen Years of Age, with another sprightly Youth, to be brought to *England*, and educated in the *European* Manner. The Captain received them with great Joy, and fair Treatment, but basely sold them for Slaves; shortly after he died, and the Ship coming to *England*, the Officers related the whole Affair; on which the Government sent to pay their Ransom, and they were brought to *England*, and put under the Care of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Hallifax*, first Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, who gave Orders for Cloathing and Educating them in a very genteel Manner. They were afterwards introduced to his Majesty, richly dressed, in the *European* Manner, and were very graciously received. Soon after their Arrival here, the Prince, it is supposed, sent the following Epistle to his beloved *Zara*, at his Father's Court.

Fix'd

to ZARA, at his Father's Court. 219

Fix'd the dread Voyage, and the Day decreed,
When, Duty's Victim, Love was doom'd to bleed,
Too well my Mem'ry can those Scenes renew,
We met to sigh, to weep our last Adieu.

That conscious Palm, beneath whose tow'ring
Shade,

So oft our Vows of mutual Love were made;
Where Hope so oft anticipated Joy,
And plann'd of future Years the best Employ;
'That Palm was Witness to the Tears we shed,
When that fond Hope, and all those Joys were
fled.

Thy trembling Lips, with trembling Lips I
press'd,

And held thee panting, to my panting Breast.
Our Sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the Sense of Pain.
Together sinking in the Trance divine,

I caught thy fleeting Soul, and gave thee mine.
O! blest Oblivion of tormenting Care!

O! why recall'd to Life and to Despair?

The dreadful Summons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder Summons but to die?

To die together were to part no more,
To land in Safety on some peaceful Shore,
Where Love's the Business of immortal Life,
And happy Spirits only guests at Strife.

“If, in some distant Land, my Prince should find

“Some Nymph more fair, you cry'd, as *Zara*
“kind”—

220 *The African Prince, in England,*

Myſterious Doubt ! which cou'd at once impart
Relief to mine, and Anguiſh to thy Heart.
Still let me triumph in the Fear expreſt,
The Voice of Love that whiſper'd in thy Breaſt :
Nor call me cruel, for my Truth ſhall prove
'Twas but the vain Anxiety of Love.

Torn from thy fond Embrace, the Strand I gain,
Where mourning Friends inflict ſuperfluous Pain;
My Father there his ſtruggling Sighs ſuppreſs'd,
And in dumb Anguiſh clasp'd me to his Breaſt ;
Then fought, conceal'd the Conflict of his Mind,
To give the Fortitude he could not find ;
Each Life-taught Precept kindly he renew'd,
“ Thy Country's Good, ſaid he, be ſtill purſu'd !
“ If, when the Gods ſhall here my Son reſtore,
“ Theſe Eyes ſhall ſleep in Death, to wake no
“ more :

“ If then theſe Limbs, that now in Age decay,
“ Shall mould'ring mix with Earth's parental
“ Clay ;

“ Round my green Tomb perform the ſacred
“ Rite,

“ Assume my Throne, and let thy Yoke be light:
“ From Lands of Freedom glorious Precepts
“ bring,

“ And reign at once a Father and a King.

How vainly proud, the arrogantly Great
Preſume to boaſt a Monarch's godlike State !
Subject alike, the Peaſant and the King,
'To Life's dark Ills, and Care's corroding Sting.

From

From Guilt and Fraud, that strikes in Silence
sure,

No Shield can guard us, and no Arms secure.
By these, my Fair, subdu'd, thy Prince was lost,
A naked Captive on a barb'rous Coast.

Nurtur'd in Ease, a thousand Servants round,
My Wants prevented, and my Wishes crown'd:
No painful Labours stretch'd the tedious Day,
On downy Feet my Moments danc'd away.

Where'er I look'd, officious Courtiers bow'd,
Where'er I pass'd, a shouting People crowd;
No Fears intruded on the Joys I knew,
Each Man my Friend, my lovely Mistress you.
What dreadful Change! abandon'd and alone,
The shouted Prince is now a Slave unknown;
To watch his Eye, no bending Courtiers wait,
No hailing Crowds proclaim his regal State;
A Slave, condemn'd, with unrewarded Toil,
To turn, from Morn to Eve, a burning Soil.
Fainting beneath the Sun's meridian Heat,
Rouz'd by the Scourge, the taunting Jest I meet:
Thanks to thy Friends, they cry, whose Care
recalls

A Prince to Life, in whom a Nation falls!
Unwholesome Scraps my Strength but half sus-
tain'd,

From Corners glean'd, and ev'n by Dogs dis-
dain'd;

At Night I mingled with a wretched Crew,
Who, by long Use, with Woe familiar grew;

222 *The African Prince, in England,*
Of Manners brutish, merciless and rude,
They mock'd my Suff'rings, and my Pangs re-
new'd :

In Groans, not Sleep, I pass'd the weary Night,
And rose to Labour with the Morning Light.
Yet, thus of Dignity and Ease beguil'd,
Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
If Heav'n with thee my faithful Arms had bless'd,
And fill'd with Love my Intervals of Rest,
Short tho' they were, my Soul had never known
One secret Wish to glitter on a Throne ;
The toilsome Day had heard no Sigh of mine,
Nor Stripes, nor Scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A Monarch still, beyond a Monarch blest,
Thy Love my Diadem, my Throne thy Breast :
My Courtiers, watchful of my Looks, thy Eyes,
Shou'd shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise ;
Thy Voice my Music, and thy Arms should be—
Ah ! not the Prison of a Slave in me !
Cou'd I with Infamy content remain ;
And wish thy lovely Form to share my Chain ?
Cou'd this bring Ease ? forgive th' unworthy
Thought,

And let the Love, that sinn'd, atone the Fault.
Cou'd I, a Slave, and hopeless to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the Scourge, to thee ?
Thy blooming Beauties cou'd these Arms em-
brace ?

My guilty Joys enslave an Infant Race ?
No, rather blast me Lightnings, Whirlwind tear,
And drive these Limbs in Atoms thro' the Air ;
Rather

Rather than this, O ! curse me still with Life,
And let my *Zara* smile a Rival's Wife :
Be mine alone th' accumulated Woe,
Nor let me propagate my Curse below.

But from this dreadful Scene, with Joy, I turn,
To trust in Heav'n, of me let *Zara* learn.
The Wretch, the fordid Hypocrite, that sold
His Charge, an unsuspecting Prince, for Gold,
That Justice mark'd, whose Eyes can never sleep,
And Death, commission'd, smote him on the
Deep.

The gen'rous Crew their Port in Safety gain,
And tell my mournful Tale, nor tell in vain ;
The King, with Horror of th' atrocious Deed,
In Haste commanded, and the Slave was freed.
No more *Britannia's* Cheek, the Blush of Shame,
Burns for my Wrongs, her King restores her
Fame :

Propitious Gales, to Freedom's happy Shore,
Waft me triumphant, and the Prince restore ;
Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
And all the Splendor of a Court is mine.
And Knowledge here, by Piety refin'd,
Sheds a blest Radiance o'er my bright'ning Mind ;
From Earth I travel upward to the Sky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
O ! I have Tales to tell, of Love divine—
Such blissful Tidings ! they shall soon be thine.
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
What Habits, Buildings, Trades, and Polity !

224 *The African Prince, in England,*

How Art and Nature vie to entertain,
In public Shows, and mix Delight with Pain.
O! *Zara*, here a Story like my own,
With mimic Skill, in borrow'd Names was
shown;

An *Indian* Chief, like me, by Fraud betray'd,
And Partner in his Woes, an *Indian* Maid.*
I can't recall the Scenes, 'tis Pain too great,
And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.
To write the Wonders here, I strive in vain,
Each Word wou'd ask a thousand to explain.
The Time shall come, O! speed the ling'ring
Hour!

When *Zara's* Charms shall lend Description
Power;

When plac'd beside thee, in the cool Alcove,
Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,

* This alludes to a Fact, which is as follows. Soon after the Prince's Arrival here, by the Means beforementioned, he and his Companion were taken to *Covent-Garden* Theatre, to see the Tragedy of *Oroonoko*; where, seeing Persons of their own Colour on the Stage, apparently in the same Distress from which they had been so lately delivered; the tender Interview between *Imoinda* and *Oroonoko*, who was betray'd by the Treachery of a Captain; his Account of his Sufferings, and the repeated Abuse of his Placability and Confidence, strongly affected them with that generous Grief which pure Nature always feels, and which Art had not yet taught them to suppress; the young Prince was so far overcome, that he was obliged to retire at the End of the fourth Act. His Companion remained the whole Time; a Circumstance which affected the Audience yet more than the Play, and doubled the Tears which were shed for *Oroonoko* and *Imoinda*.

The

The frequent Kifs shall interrupt the Tale,
And Looks shall speak my Sense, tho' Language
fail.

Then shall the Prodigies, that round me rise,
Fill thy dear Bosom with a sweet Surprise;
Then all my Knowledge, to thy faithful Heart,
With Danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
Methinks I see thy changing Looks express
Th' alternate Sense of Pleasure and Distress;
As all the Windings of my Fate I trace,
And wing thy Fancy swift from Place to Place.
Yet where, alas! has flattering Thought convey'd
The ravish'd Lover, with his darling Maid?
Between us, still, unmeasur'd Oceans roll,
Which hostile Barks infest, and Storms controul.
Be calm my Bosom, since th' unmeasur'd Main,
And hostile Barks, and Storms, are God's Domain:
He rules resistless, and his Power shall guide
My Life in Safety o'er the roaring Tide;
Shall bless the Love, that's built on Virtue's Base,
And spare me to evangelize my Race.
Farewell! thy Prince still lives, and still is free:
Farewell! hope all Things, and remember me.

*ZARA, at the Court of Annamabbœe,
to the African Prince in England.*

Should I the Language of my Heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the Passion that I feel,
My rising Wish should groundless Fears confine,
And Doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing Line,

226 ZARA to the African Prince.

Wou'd not my Prince, with nobler Warmth
disdain

That Love, as languid, which could stoop to
feign?

Let Guilt dissemble—in my faithful Breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that Love con-
fess.

I give my Bosom naked to thy View,
For, what has Shame with Innocence to do?
In Fancy, now, I clasp thee to my Heart,
Exchange my Vows, and all my Joys impart.
I catch new Transport from thy speaking Eye;—
But whence this sad involuntary Sigh?
Why pants my Bosom with intruding Fears?
Why from my Eyes distill unbidden Tears?
Why do my Hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd Idea from my Sight?
O! art thou safe? on Britain's happy Shore,
From Winds that bellow, and from Seas that roar?
And has my Prince—(Oh, more than mortal Pain!)
Betray'd by Russians, felt the Captive's Chain?
Bound were those Limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The Toils of Empire, and the Sweets of Love?
Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fiercest Kind!
Fear Heav'n's red Light'ning—'tis a Prince ye
bind;

A Prince, whom no Indignities could hide
They knew, presumptuous! and the Gods defy'd.
Where'er he moves, let love-join'd Rev'rence rise,
And all Mankind behold with Zara's Eyes!

Thy

Thy Breast alone, when bounding o'er the
Waves

To Freedom's Climes, from Slavery and Slaves;
Thy Breast alone, the pleasing Thought cou'd
frame

Of what I felt, when thy dear Letters came :
A thousand Times I held 'em to my Breast,
A thousand Times my Lips the Paper prest :
My full Heart panted with a Joy too strong,
And " Oh my Prince !" dy'd falt'ring on my
Tongue :

Fainting I sunk, unequal to the Strife,
And milder Joys sustain'd returning Life.
Hope, sweet Enchantress, round my love-sick
Head

Delightful Scenes of blest Delusion spread.

" Come, come, my Prince! my Charmer!

" haste away ;

" Come, come, I cry'd, thy Zarabla me stay.

" For thee, the Shrubs their richest Sweets retain ;

" For thee, new Colours wait to paint the Plain ;

" For thee, cool Breezes linger in the Grove,

" The Birds expect thee in the green Alcove ;

" 'Till thy Return, the Rills forget to fall,

" 'Till thy Return, the Sun, the Soul of all !—

" He comes, my Maids, in his meridian Charms,

" He comes refulgent to his Zara's Arms :

" With jocund Songs, proclaim my Love's Re-

" turn ;

" With jocund Hearts, his nuptial Bed adorn.

" Bright

228 ZARA to the African Prince.

“Bright as the Sun, yet gentle as the Dove,
“He comes, uniting Majesty and Love.” —
Too soon, alas ! the blest Delusion flies ;
Care swells my Breast, and Sorrow fills my Eyes.
Ah ! why do thy fond Words suggest a Fear ? —
Too vast, too num’rous, those already here !
Ah ! why with Doubts torment my bleeding
Breast,

Of Seas that Storms controul, and Foes infest ?
My Heart, in all this tedious Absence, knows
No Thoughts but those of Seas, and Storms,
and Foes.

Each joyless Morning, with the rising Sun,
Quick to the Strand my Feet spontaneous run :
“Where, where’s my Prince ! what Tidings
“have ye brought ?”

Of each I met, with pleading Tears I fought.
In vain I fought—some, conscious of my Pain,
With horrid Silence pointed to the Main ;
Some with a Sneer the brutal Thought exprest,
And plung’d the Dagger of a barb’rous Jest ;
Day follow’d Day, and still I wish’d the next,
New Hopes still flatter’d, and new Doubts perplex’d ;

Day follow’d Day, the wish’d To-morrow came ;
My Hopes, Doubts, Fears, Anxieties the same.

At length — “O Pow’r supreme ! whoe’er
“thou art,

“Thy Shrine the Sky, the Sea, the Earth, or
“Heart ;

“Since

“ Since ev’ry Clime, and all th’ unbounded Main,
“ And hostile Barks, and Storms, are thy Domain,
“ If faithful Passion can thy Bounty move,
“ And Goodness sure must be the Friend of Love,
“ Safe to these Arms my lovely Prince restore,
“ Safe to his *Zara’s* Arms, to part no more.
“ O ! grant to Virtue thy protecting Care,
“ And grant thy Love to Love’s availing Pray’r.
“ Together, then, and emulous to praise,
“ A flow’ry Altar to thy Name we’ll raise ;
“ There, first and last, on each returning Day,
“ To thee our Vows of Gratitude we’ll pay.”

Fool that I was, to all my Comfort blind,
Why, when thou went’st, did *Zara* stay behind ?
How could I fondly hope one Joy to prove,
’Midst all the wild Anxieties of Love ?

Had Fate, in other Mould, thy *Zara* form’d,
And my bold Breast in manly Friendship warm’d,
How had I glow’d exulting at thy Side,
How all the Shafts of adverse Fate defy’d !
Or yet a Woman, and not nerv’d for Toil,
Oh ! that with thee, I’d turn’d a burning Soil !
In the cold Prison had I lain with thee,
In Love still happy, we had still been free ;
Then Fortune, brav’d, had own’d superior Might,
And pin’d with Envy, while we forc’d Delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy Love remember
thee ?

Thine all my Thoughts have been, and still shall
be.

Each

230 ZARA to the African Prince.

Each Night the cool Savannahs have I fought,
And breath'd the Fondness of enamour'd
Thought;

The curling Breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my Foe, the Tide;
My Breast still haunted by a motley Train,
Now Doubts, now Hopes prevail'd, now Joy,
now Pain.

Now fix'd I stand, my Spirit fled to thine,
Nor note the Time, nor see the Sun decline;
Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with Fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I'd shun.

When kindly Sleep its lenient Balm supply'd,
And gave that Comfort waking Thought deny'd,
Last Night—but why, ah Zara! why impart
The fond, fond Fancies of a love-sick Heart?
Yet true Delights on Fancy's Wings are brought,
And Love's soft Raptures realiz'd in Thought—
Last Night I saw,—methinks I see it now—
Heav'n's awful Concave round thy Zara bow;
When sudden thence a flaming Chariot flew,
Which Earth receiv'd, and six white Coursers
drew;

Then—quick Transition—did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the Chariot—wond'rous—by thy Side:
All glorious both, from Clime to Clime we flew,
Each happy Clime with sweet Surprise we view.
A thousand Voices sung—"All Bliss betide
"The Prince of *Libya*, and his faithful Bride."

" 'Tis

“ ’Tis done, ’tis done ” resounded thro’ the Skies,
 And quick aloft the Car began to rise ;
 Ten thousand Beauties crowded on my Sight,
 Ten thousand Glories beam’d a dazzling Light.
 My Thoughts could bear no more, the Vision fled,
 And wretched *Zara* view’d her lonely Bed. —
 Come, sweet Interpreter, and ease my Soul ;
 Come to my Bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas ! my Prince — yet hold, my struggling Breast !
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
 “ Hope all, thou say’st, I live, and still am free ; ”
 Oh then prevent those Hopes, and haste to me.
 Ease all the Doubts thy *Zara*’s Bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the Torrent of her Woes. —
 But that I know too well thy gen’rous Heart,
 One Doubt, than all, more Torment would im-
 part ;

’Tis this, in *Britain*’s happy Courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming Maids, is thine —
 But thou, a thousand blooming Maids among,
 Art still thyself, incapable of Wrong ;
 No outward Charm can captivate thy Mind,
 Thy Love is Friendship heighten’d and refin’d ;
 ’Tis what my Soul, and not my Form inspires,
 And burns with spotless and immortal Fires.
 Thy Joys, like mine, from conscious Truth arise,
 And, known these Joys, what others canst thou
 prize ?

Be jealous Doubts the Curse of sordid Minds ;
 Hence, jealous Doubts, I give ye to the Winds. —
 Once

232 *ZARA to the African Prince.*

Once more, O come ! and snatch me to thy
Arms !

Come, shield my beating Heart from vain Alarms !
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy Breast,
Weep pleasing Tears, and be with Joy distressed !
Let me still hear, and still demand thy Tale,
And, oft renew'd, still let my Suit prevail !
Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
My Hand still writes, and Writing prompts Desire ;
My Pen denies my last Farewell to write,
Still, still, " return, " my wishful Thoughts indite :
Oh hear, my Prince, thy Love, thy Mistress call,
Think o'er each tender Name, and hear by all.
Oh pleasing Intercourse of Soul with Soul,
Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole ;
And these kind Letters trembling *Zara* drew,
In ev'ry Line shall bring her to thy View.
Return, return, in Love and Truth excel ;
Return, I write ; I cannot add Farewell.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

*Note. A Second Volume of this Work is in the Press,
and will be publish'd with all convenient Expedition.*



